The People's Press.

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SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY.

Because in a day of my days to come
There waiteth a grief to be,
Shall my heart grow faint, and my lips be dumb,
In this day that is bright for me?
Because of a subtle sense of pain,
Like a pulse-beat threaded through
The bliss of my thought, shall I dare refrain
From delight from the pure and true?
In the harvest fields shall I cease to glean
Since the bloom of the spring has fled?
Shall I veil my eyes to the noonday sheen
Since the dew of the morn hath sped?
Nay, phantom ill with warning hand,
Nay, ghosts of the weary past;
Serene as in armor of faith I stand,
Ye may not hold me fast.

Your shadows across my sun may fall,
But as bright the sun shall shine;
For I walk in a light ye cannot pall,
The light of the King Divine.

And whatever He sends from day to day,
I am sure that His name is Love;
And He never will let me lose my way
To my rest in His home above.

MY TRIP TO NEW YORK.

On one of the moist disagreeable days of last March I walked two miles to the postoffice; not that I expected anything special, but then one must go somewhere. To my surprise I found a letter. It was from my old school friend, Mary Ann Bromley, now Mrs. Richard Remington, of New York. This is what she wrote:

My Dear Martha Bates Perry—You know as well as I do, that your birthday comes on the Ides of March. I like to refer to it in that way. It sounds classical. On that day you are to receive your legacy from your great-aunt Perry, if you ask for it, according to instructions. It follows that you must come to New York, and being in New York, you must come to me. To confide to you a secret: I do not find life in New York perfectly delectable, with a husband who is oblivious of my existence eighteen hours out of twenty-four. But then there are compensations. I shall present to you Scipio Africanus, a prince in exile, who amuses me intensely. Moreover, he cooks me toothsome dinners and drives me out. Rick will take time to look up from his brief s long enough to assure you that he is "very glad to see you"—which will be the truth. Do not fail to write me just when to expect you, that we may meet you—the prince and myself, the prince will be on the box. You know you were always such a goose, dear, but always the dearest of deans, to your friend,

MARIAN B. REMINGTON.

I read this letter sitting on the settee behind the molasses cask in the postoffice, put it in my pocket, tied down my veil, drew on my woolen mittens, and started home in the teeth of the north wind in about as dazed a condition as I had ever been in my life. I could not even trust myself to think till I had found Nell. Nell was my next youngest sister. Tom came between us. Tom was nineteen, Nell was seventeen, and, though four years younger than I, she was wonderfully clever, and could see daylight through a perplexity while I was adjusting my glasses. I found Nell in the kitchen trying to make the dish-wiper describe an exact horizontal with the line, behind the stove. She deliberately wiped her hands, and gave the little sheet a hurried glance up and down (but in that one glance she took it all in), then handed it back with a decided nod of approval.

"Patty—I'd offer you my hand if I was sure of its being clean."

"What would you do, Nell, if you were in my place?"

"If I were in your place, you tempter! Why don't you ask me what I would not do?"

"That is it, Nell, you can see your way to the end of everything before I accomplish the first steps."

"Well, then your first steps lie in the direction of the postoffice, with an acceptance of your friend's invitation."

"Nell—you know I've never been twenty miles from home in my life—you know that old legacy, is it worth going after—I have no idea it is anything but a few moth-eaten stuff dresses."

"Patty, never mind the legacy—very likely it isn't worth the price of a new pair of shoes, but what of that; it's the going to New York, and the visit with Marian, and the prince on the box—and—"

"Oh," I cried—hotly, "he's a humbug, anyway I have no faith in him, and I shall tell Marian so when I write her; she was always taking up with humbugs—and that's why she took up with me."

"Tell her what you please, only write her," said Nell, putting over the potatoes for dinner.

After dinner I wrote my letter. Nell insisted that I should go that very week. "It isn't but a minute now to your birthday anyway, and you want to make the most and best of your visit."

"But, Nell, where is the money to come from?"

"Never mind the money, we can manage that! Potatoes sell for $1 a bushel now, and I heard Tom say there were thirty bushels over in the cellar."

"But the going is only the beginning," cried I, throwing myself into the old chintz-covered rocking chair by the south window. What am I to do when I get there? It's all very well for you, who have seen something of folks and of places; you've had two quarters' schooling in Brown academy, and you know something to begin with; while I have digged and delved in this kitchen all my life, you know I have!" She came over to me quickly, but I hadn't had my say yet. "It's been pinch here, and pinch there with all of us, and the only accomplishment I possess of my childhood's furnishing is old Meb's warwhoop."

"I would do it then, now, if I wanted to," said Nell, smiling. "You won't! Then you shall listen." She sat down and put her arm around me. "Do you suppose, brave heart, that Tom and I and all the rest of us, beginning with father and ending with Tot, do you suppose that we don't know that you have kept us, body and soul? You have been mother" (she stopped a moment with a little choke), "you have been sister and councilor and friend, bread and butter, and sunshine, and life to us all, and while you have been all this, what have you done for yourself? Talk about furnishing—talk about accomplishment! Patty, you're a walking encyclopedia and you know it! No, I won't stop. You have not lived on the top of the cars to be sure, but you can repeat more Shakeaspre."

I put my hand over her mouth. "What good will Shakespeare do me? It is you who ought to go in my place, and you shall," cried I, springing up.

"As if I could! Is my name Martha Bates Perry? Was I the first born, named from my great-aunt Bates, legally appointed her successor, to go to New York on my twenty-first birthday, and receive in due form whatever there might be—as you've very well known all your life?" finished Nell, springing up and spreading out her hands.

And so, as the situation seemed to be forced upon me, I couldn't do any better than to prepare for it. I mended my black alpaca dress and sent for a pint of ammonia to cleanse my old broadcloth cloak. I gave Nell minute instructions about household matters—how long to boil the beans for Saturday and how much salt to put in the brown bread.

"Now, Dame Dueden, please don't!" said Nell, tossing the fifth pair of mended stockings into the basket. "I will take good care, you may be sure, and don't you forget all about us."

"Oh, Nell, as if I ever could!"

"Then forget all about the baked beans and brown bread part of us, and buy yourself a nice dress and be the queen you deserve to be."

I looked over at Nell. She had coiled her hair in heavy puffs on the top of her head and the frill around her neck was as white as snow. She had sat down where the gold from the west window touched her hair to such a bronze. No painter could ever hope to catch it, though I could well believe he might almost wish to die for it.

After dinner the day before I was to leave home, I went up into the garret, broom in hand, and dusted, inside and out, an old horse-hair trunk which had done duty through two generations of my ancestors. To cleanse it from the dust of two decades and drag it to the light of day, down a tortuous, winding pair of back stairs to my chamber was the work of an hour. I had folded a newspaper in the bottom and had commenced the unique task of packing when Nell opened the door of my room. "In the name of all that's human, what are you doing?"

"Trying to coax my six linen collars, and as many handkerchiefs to adapt themselves to the dimensions of this paper box," I replied, squeezing down the cover.

Nell stood a moment as if undecided what to do next, then she suddenly collapsed in the doorway, and threw her apron over her head, rocking herself back and forth, and sending out peal after peal of laughter.

"When you get ready or recover yourself," I said, "perhaps you will be willing to tell me what you are laughing at."

"That trunk! horse-hair in New York! Why Patty, it was that identical trunk that Mrs. Noah used before she went into the ark, and it has survived to this day!"

"Which I regard as a clear illustration of the survival of the fittest," I replied, laying in a dress.

"But you know I have a better one, at least I have one that does not look quite so much like a mummy case as that, and to drag that trunk in here, and lay it figuratively speaking at your feet, shall be my first—"

I planted myself firmly against the door. "No, Nell, that trunk is yours, not mine, you picked berries for that trunk in the broiling sun, while I—"

"Staid at home and cooked us something to eat over a broiling stove. It belongs to you as much as to me and you shall take it."

"No, Nell, I will not; I am a perfect goose, I know, but I will not be a perfect sham—I will go down to New York, neither the one thing nor the other—only just what I am. I will take no borrowed finery and no borrowed trunk."

"But couldn't we manage to pull out those horrid brass letters on the side?" Marian will know you when she sees you."

"And I mean she shall," cried I, flaring up. "M. P. stands for Martin Perry; it also stands for Martha Perry, that's my name, and I'm not going back upon it until I do something to disgrace it. The B. in the middle needn't make any great difference that I can see."

"Wait till you get back from New York, and then tell me what you think about the B. in the middle, you unworldly creature," laughed Nell, as I slammed down the cover, and she helped me fasten the old strap.

"And now," said I, "one more thing remains—I must rush to the woods. I must give myself one more Indian warwhoop, if I die for it."

"Oh, it won't kill you, you will live all the longer! take the carving knife with you for a tomahawk and if you meet the ghost of old Meb in the forest shades, give her my compliments, and be sure and be back in time for supper—it's poor economy to be absent at meal time."

Nell was laughing, as she shut the doors after me, but she unconsciously used a word that sent my nerves all reasoning. "Economy," didn't I know all about its hateful twists and turns. Wasn't I the oldest of six children and father's farm stuck like a ridge pole on the very rockiest, bleakest corner of all New England, with its sterile pasturage, its wood-lawns, its gaping corner lots and its tumble-down buildings, descended to him from his father, covered all over with mortgages at that—the only thing that had stood between us and the poorhouse. Hadn't I seen my mother's pale face grow paler every year, till three years before the first day of winter, she placed in my arms the little baby for whose life she gave her own! I accepted the trust as an older sister's portion, and henceforth life became to me more than ever a duty. The only character that gave any originality to my childhood was the Indian woman Meb, who strolled into my native town without giving any account of the way she came, and who after a while disappeared mysteriously. But she taught me the war-whoop of her tribe, and I had never forgotten it. There had been times when it had been my safety-valve.

That night I held Tot longer than usual lingering over the undressing. Come what might, I had always given the child her half-hour every night. It was her time; I brushed her blonde curls and sang softly to her. Before I retired father came stumbling into my room and placed twenty dollars in my hand. I wanted to thank him, but somehow I couldn't speak—words "stuck in my throat" so, these last days.

"I 's'pose you won't hev to pay from the depot to Richard Remington's house, though I should ruther pay my way in a 'spectable manner, than to be beholden to such a feller as Mary Ann Bromley describes. Mary Ann Bromley was allers a high flier, in my opinion, an' I du hope she won't get you into trouble with her flighty ways."

He turned to go out, and I opened the door for him. I think I never appreciated the sterling integrity of my father's character as I did at that minute. One thing that he had said revealed the true motives of his life. He was an old man—old and broken before his years, bowed down, with their accumulated weight; his hands were rough with toil, his manners were not formed after Chesterfield; he was not always sure of his English, but thank God, my father was an honest man. "To pay his way" had been the rule of his life.

We arrived in New York on time, I and Mrs. Noah's trunk, my best black alpaca and my made-over broadcloth cloak. All I have to say about the circumstance is, briefly, if I was not equal to the occasion, Marian Remington was. I found her as utterly unlike what I remembered of her as one woman could possibly be unlike another, and yet there was the same warm heart behind it all! If ever mortal made crooked paths straight and rough places plain, she did. Everything was delightful to me but the "Prince," and toward him I did not relent.

"I am surprised at you, Marian," I said, "not to see the evil in that man. If I know anything, I know he is not to be trusted."

Marian only laughed. "Your judgment is at fault, my dear. He has been with us a year, and I have never had occasion to doubt his honesty; and for his dinners, you must confess they are faultless." They certainly were.

My birthday sun rose without a cloud; March was evidently making up his mind to settle down to steady, quiet work. With the old yellow paper, containing the instructions of my great-aunt Bates—who, by the way, I had never seen—Marian and I made our way without any trouble to the place designated. "A more antiquated spot could not be found in New York," said Marian, as she lifted the heavy brass knocker. "I wonder it has not fallen or pushed aside, ages agone."

Judge of my surprise when, all preliminaries having been arranged, I was made the recipient of a square tin box! whatever it might contain it had no weight to speak of, there was no jingling, no rattling, no moving from one side to another. It was as empty as air, and light as a feather. There was no key to unlock it, no word accompanying it. On our way home Marian ordered the "exile" to stop at Mr. Remington's office, and there in the midst of a profound stillness, save for the squeaking of the rusty hinges as they yielded to Mr. Remington's "open sesame," guiltless of wrappings or adornment of any kind, we solemnly drew forth a brown stocking bag—we turned it inside and out, held it up to the light of day, opened it this way and that—there was nothing else—not even as much as a ball of yarn or a skein of thrumbs.

Then we went home, Marian and I. We did not laugh much, we certainly did not cry; the whole thing seemed so like the freak of imbecility it was pitiable, but I was glad that I nor any of my family had ever built any air castles over my legacy, that we had never stopped in our busy whirl to give it a thought. When got to my room I opened my horse-hair trunk, and deposited it, tin box and all, safe in the bottom.

It was a thud in my room that awoke me. I cannot describe it by any other word. It was not a footstep—it was not the turning of a key, or the grating of a file in the lock, or the opening of a door. It was not outside or in the wall, but right in my room. So perfectly did I possess myself, when I awoke, that I was able instantly to locate myself and my belongings. As I lay perfectly still, I heard a clock striking the hour of "two"—the dead hour of the night. Presently, there was a little stir, as of the moving of cautious feet on the carpet, toward my bed. I was able then to locate the stand. My trunk stood in the corner of the room, near the door leading to the hall. I had locked this door when I retired, but the intruder must have picked his way there, for the room had no other access. Whoever he was, he was making his way straight for me. What could I do? I thought of my poor old father and Nell, and the boy—of Tot asleep in her warm bed, of what I had meant to do for them all. I thought of my old home, and of the cozy corner where I used to sit and read in the afternoons, of my books and their belongings. This had occupied but a second, but in it I had lived years. A little jar of the bed! He was there, then.

Marian's room was separated from mine by a double wall. If I screamed she might not hear me. Was there nothing, then, nothing? I lifted a silent prayer for help and the answer came like a flash.

It was the accomplishment I received from old Meb that saved me. I concentrated all my strength in one wild whoop. It was enough to wake all the sleeping Indians west of the Mississippi. Something clicked against the bedpost and somebody rushed out of my room, hitting his feet against my trunk at the door, with more noise and less ceremony than he had observed in entering.

"You have had a terrible nightmare," said Marian, shivering all over, "I thought every redskin that ever lived was flourishing a tomahawk over my defenseless head—I hope I've got my scalp left."

"Marian, how did you get into my room?"

"Found the door wide open—lucky that your door was not locked, though Rick would have burst the door to have reached you."

"Is there anything under my bed?"

"Dreaming yet, are you, dear?" She smiled as she stooped. The night-lamp in her hand flashed over something on the carpet. It was a burglar's file.

Scipio Africanus must have received an urgent call to his own country, for he was never seen thereafter in this. I suppose he thought that tin box contained valuables; failing to find it under my pillow, he would have searched my trunk.

"Who would have believed it of him," said Marian, the next day at dinner.

April Fool's day came on Saturday, last year. If a mine of silver had opened at my feet in New York, I believe I should have hastened home to spend the day with the children. We used to make it a kind of high day. I had come on with my tin box and stocking-bag—just the same, however, and after a morning of merry-making I sat down with Nell to mend stockings.

"It is strange about this bag," said Nell, tugging away at a stitch with the point of her scissors.

"What is strange about it?"

"Don't you notice how it puckers in this corner? It seems as if it was not cut evenly, or else—"

I was honeycombing the heel of Tom's new sock and didn't notice Nell's sudden silence till she pulled at my sleeve.

"Patty!"

She held a little paper in her hand. "I found it sewed in this seam."

She had spread it out and was trying to read it: "To any one who has wit and perseverance enough to find this paper, I give and bequeath—" "Why, Patty! what does it mean?"

"It means, my dear Nell," said I, glancing over the paper and noting the signature, "it means that you have been left a fortune and you are going to be the queen you deserve to be, and that I am the true April fool after all!"—*Springfield Republican.*

Mongolian Gamblers in New York.

One Lung High, a Celestial gentleman of leisure, says that all the houses in Mott street inhabited by Chinese are gambling dens except two. The proportion of Mongolian gaming resorts in Pell street is even greater. There are two hundred professional Chinese gamblers in the city. They make their living off the simple and industrious laundrymen around town. Two thousand dollars has been lost at their tables in one night by a single player. Most of the yellow men returning to China from New York are gamblers who have been lucky. A number of Chinese faro dealers have gone back to the flowery land with $4,000 apiece, the result of a single year's successful banking in their special line. Mongolian laundrymen are so infatuated with games of hazard that they have often lost in Mott street the savings of months and then gambled away their clothes, shoes and flat-irons. As large a sum as $250 is sometimes put up on one game, and won or lost in a moment. The largest bank in Mott street has a capital of $10,000. The smaller one ones have $300 and $400 each. An average bank has about $4,000. They play mostly "skin games." A Chinaman who last year left the earnings of several years at a gambling house in Mott street is said to have committed suicide, though the fact was never made public.

When the yellow gamblers lose heavily they get excited and knock each other down or draw their knives and join in a general fight. The cases of assault and battery among Chinese which come up at the Tombs police court almost invariably are gambling rows. The combatants either fight in the gaming den or rush from it into the street and join battle there. By a tactic agreement neither defendant or complainant permits the character of the resort they were in to be known to the court. When the game does not run right the gamblers adjourn to the sidewalk and hari-kari each other there.—*New York Journal.*

The City Reds.

Every bootblack in London has burst in on his box the words, "The City Reds." The bootblacks all wear brilliant scarlet coats and have on round caps with a red band about them and a brass number on the band. If you go along the Strand or any other principal street about 9 o'clock in the morning, you will meet them in squads, with their boxes set jauntily on their heads and their hands in their pockets marching as if they were a company of soldiers, generally singing some of the popular songs of the day. At intervals they drop one of their number, and there he stands, saying, "Bleak sir, bleak?" and bleak enough it is for them around some of the London street corners on a winter's day. As a general thing there is a notice on the box which says, "We use Bunkum's blacking," and for this Mr. Bunkum gives them the blacking free. When you put your foot on this box the red coat flings himself on his knees and goes to work with a will. The blacking-box is probably inside the kit, but the patron of the black art never sees it. The boy keeps a great smear of blacking on the side of the foot-box, and with his fingers he rubs the blacking taken from this smear on to the boot. He is generally very expert and very respectful, touching his cap and saying "Thank you" with quite a grateful air as he gets his two cents, for a Londoner never thinks of giving more for a shine.

Kind words produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his unkind feelings. We have not yet began to use them in such abundance as they ought to be used.

Navy blue remains the favorite color for yachting and mountain suits.

THE BAD BOY AND HIS PA.

DRIVEN FROM HOME ON ACCOUNT OF A LITTLE JOKE.

The Groceryman Licks a Stamp for the Little Imp—How the Bad Boy Was Sent Adrift by His Pa.

"Say, will you do me a favor," asked the bad boy of the grocery man, as he sat down on the soap box and put his wet boots on the stove.

"Well, y-e-s," said the grocery man, hesitatingly, with a feeling that he was liable to be sold. "If you will help me to catch the villain who hangs up those disreputable signs in front of my store, I will. What is it?"

"I want you to lick this stamp and put it on this letter. It is to my girl, and I want to fool her," and the boy handed over the letter and stamp, and while the grocery man was licking it and putting it on, the boy filled his pockets with dried peaches out of a box.

"There, that's a small job," said the grocery man, as he pressed the stamp on the letter with his thumb and handed it back. "But how are you going to fool her?"

"That's just the business," said the boy, as he held the letter to his nose and smelled of the stamp. "That will make her tired. You see, every time she gets a letter from me she kisses the stamp, because she thinks I licked it. When she kisses this stamp and gets the fumes of plug tobacco, and stale beer, and limburg cheese, and moldy potatoes, it will knock her down, and then she will ask me what ailed the stamp, and I will tell her I got you to lick it, and then it will make her sick, and her parents will stop trading here. Oh, it will paralyze her. Do you know, you smell like a glue factory. Gosh, I can smell you all over the store. Don't you smell anything that smells spoiled?

The grocery man thought he did smell something that was rancid, and he looked around the stove and finally kicked the boy's boot off the stove and said: "It's your boots burning. Gracious, open the door. It smells like a hot box on a caboose. Whew! And there comes a couple of my best lady customers." The ladies came in and held their handkerchiefs to their noses, and while they were trading the boy said, as though continuing the conversation:

"Yes, pa says that last oleomargarine I got here is nothing but axle grease. Why don't you put your axle grease in a different kind of a package? The only way you can tell axle grease from oleomargarine is in spreading it on pancakes. Pa says axle grease will spread, but your alleged butter just rolls right up and acts like lip salve or ointment, and is only fit to use on a sore—"

At this point the ladies went out of the store in disgust, without buying anything, and the grocery man took a dried codfish by the tail and went up to the boy and took him by the neck. "Golblast you, I have a notion to kill you. You have driven away more custom from this store than your neck is worth. Now you git," and he struck the boy across the back with the codfish.

"That's just the way with you all," says the boy, as he put his sleeve up to his eyes and pretended to cry, "when a fellow is up in the world, there is nothing too good for him, but when he gets down you maul him with a codfish. Since pa drove me out of the house, and told me to go shirk for my living, I haven't had a kind word from anybody. My chum's dog won't even follow me, and when a fellow gets so low down that a dog goes back on him there is nothing left for him to do but loaf around a grocery, or sit on a jury, and I am too young to sit on a jury, though I know more than some of the beats that lay around the court to get on a jury. I am going to drown myself and my death will be laid to you. They will find evidences of codfish on my clothes, and you will be arrested for driving me to a suicide's grave. Goodbye, I forgive you," and the boy started for the door.

"Hold on here," says the grocery man, feeling that he had been too harsh. "Come back here and have some maple sugar. What did your pa drive you away from home for?"

"Oh, it was on account of St. Patrick's day," said the bad boy as he bit off half a pound of maple sugar and dried his tears. "You see, pa never sees ma buy a new silk handkerchief, but he wants it. 'Tother day ma got one of these orange-colored handkerchiefs, and pa immediately had a sore throat and he wanted to wear it, and ma let him put it on. I thought I would break him of taking everything nice that ma got, so when he went downtown with the orange handkerchief on his neck, I told some of the St. Patrick boys in the Third ward, who had green ribbons on, that the old duffer that was putting on style was an orangeman, and he said he could whip any St. Patrick's day man in town. The fellers laid for pa, and when he came along one of them threw a barrel at pa, and another pulled the yellow handkerchief off his neck, and they all yelled 'hang him,' and one grabbed a rope that was on the sidewalk where they were moving a building, and pa got up and dusted. You'd a dide to see pa run. He met a policeman and said more'n a hundred men had tried to murder him, and they had mauled him and stolen his yellow handkerchief. The policeman told pa his life was not safe and he better go home and lock himself in, and he did, and I was telling ma about how I got the boys to scare pa, and he heard it, and he told me that settled it. He said I had caused him to run more foot races than any champion pedestrian, and had made his life unbearable and now I must go it alone. Now I want you to send a couple of pounds of crackers over to the house, and have your boy tell the hired girl that I have gone down to the river to drown myself, and she will tell ma, and ma will tell pa, and pretty soon you will see a baldheaded pussy man whooping it up toward the river with a rope. They may think, at times, that I am a little tough, but when it comes to parting forever, they weaken.

"Well, I am going down to the river, and I will leave my coat and hat by the wood yard, and get behind the wood, and you steer pa down there and you will see some tall weeping over them clothes, and maybe pa will jump in after me, and then I will come out from behind the wood and throw in a board for him to swim ashore on. Good-bye. Give my pocket comb to my chum," and the boy went out and hung up a sign in front of the grocery, as follows: "Pop corn that the cat has slept in, cheap for pop corn balls for sociables."—*Peck's Sun.*

A National Pastime.

In an article describing bull-fighting in Spain, a writter in *The Continent* says: Once in a great while the picador succeeds in turning the bull, and escapes without injury, the brute then devoting his attention to the next horseman in line. It is astonishing how much pounding these fellows can stand. Owing to the depth of their saddles they are rarely unseated, yet I have seen more than one projected a distance of ten feet, striking the barrier with a thud that could be heard across the ring, and immediately afterward pick himself up and walk away apparently unhurt. Sometimes the bull lifts horse and rider bodily, and throws them back upon his haunches, showing his immense strength. The picador is not a favorite with the audience, as, wearing armor, and being able to use his horse as a shield, he is less exposed to danger. When the bull becomes enraged, and charges right and left, as the savage ones often do, the picadores grow wary, and, manifesting a disinclination to advance, are greeted with a storm of hisses and opprobious epithets and pelted with pieces of orange peel, canes, cushions and whatever in the way of a projectile can be laid hands on at the moment. "Fuera! Fuera!" "Put him out!" "Forward, coward!" "Good bull!" "Well gored!" "Cono, see how angry the rascal is!" "Fuego! Bring the fire arrows!". "Bravo, toro! bravissimo!" shout the aficionados, seconded by the spectators, who, rising to their feet en masse and yelling, hissing and gesticulating with all their might, transform the amphitheatre into a perfect bedlam. In the midst of the hubbub the shrill notes of the trumpet are again heard and the chulos, fluttering their cloaks, spin around the bull, who chases them, now and then pressing one so closely that he is forced to drop all and run for his life. The tricks of the chulo to baffle the designs of his terrible antagonist and at the same time display his own agility and skill, are numerous and thrilling. One borrows a lance from a picador and brandishes it in sight of the brute, who accepts the challenge and, lowering his horns, rushes forward. As he approaches the chulu rests the butt of the lance on the ground and springs over the back of the animal, dropping the weapon as the head of the latter touches it. Another places his foot upon the bull's forehead, and just as he is about to be impaled is raised high in the air; others maneuver backward and forward with the cape, so rapidly that the sharp horns, following its gaudy folds, seem to graze their bodies. For the third time the signal for the trumpet is given to the president, the chulos retire, and the banderilleros, each armed with a pair of darts adorned with paper streamers, step forward and confront the bull.

Chinese as Agriculturists.

For two or three years Lum Thik Lup has tilled a farm across the East river from Harlem and sold his vegetables in the Chinese quarter. Wah Kee has a farm not far from Lum Thik Lup's, and he too has prospered. There has been some talk of a Chinese society buying a good-sized farm on Long Island and lending its energies to the cultivation of cabbages and the like. Vegetables are brought from China and sold in the Chinese grocery stores. They are not fresh, of course, but are salted, pickled or dried. Ah Wong, of the *Chinese American*, said he had heard of a project of Chinese to engage in farming. "The fact is, we are going to try and civilize the community," said he, blandly. A scribe who was at work with a brush and a saucer of India ink preparing reading matter for the next issue of the paper looked up for an instant and bent over his strip of yellow paper again. "What is the matter with American vegetables?" repeated Ah Wong, in response to the inquiry. "They are too green, I think," and he made a grimace like a small boy at green apple time. "The Chinese husbandmen rear the vegetables with more care than the American. The Chinese vegetables taste sweeter, but that is on account of the aromatic air of China, I suppose."

Wah Sing, the dignified head of the grocery house of Wah Sing & Co., was entertaining a party of his countrymen at dinner when waited upon. He at one time expected to engage in farming. He thought of buying a farm, but before he could get husbandmen to till it the owner sold it. He knew of some Chinamen who were talking of branching out in agriculture, and he thought there were millions in it. "The duty on Chinese vegetables," he remarked, "is high and the freight is heavy," diving down into a keg that looked as if it were filled with red paint and bringing up a dripping object in appearance something like a lean sausage, about three inches long; "that is nearly the same as the cucumber." Wah Sing fished out from another receptable what looked to be a pickled lemon, and from a bath of salt water he drew what might have been taken for a section of some one's spinal column. This last thing, Wah Sing explained, grew as corn does here, and was chopped off in much the same way. No one but a Chinaman could have caught the name that Wah Sing gave it.—*New York Times.*

To die in order to avoid the pains of poverty, love or anything that is disagreeable, is not the part of a brave man, but of a coward; for it is a cowardice to shun the trials and crosses of life, not undergoing death because it is honorable, but to avoid evil.

It is well said that a man is not always making a point when he gets off a sharp thing.

FASHION NOTES.

White toilets are mere masses of embroidery.

Small buttons are used, but speckled in colors to match fabrics.

Postillion backs are the most frequent finish for pointed corsages.

The empire puff worn at the bottom of the skirt has been revived in Paris.

Late importation of Paris dresses have larger tournures and hip draperies.

Buckles, large and small, are the popular millinery ornaments this season.

Box plaitings and flat puffs appear around the bottom of many pointed bodices.

Long lace mitts are finished with soft, full feathered out ruchings, matching the shades in the dress or its trimmings.

Embroidered nun's veiling is the craze for young ladies who want a dress that is "just too lovely for anything."

Very wide ribbons brocaded with single huge roses are among the importations. The question is what can be done with them.

Tea-colored ginghams, checked in a darker shade and bordered with the same in a Greek pattern, are among the novelties in washing fabrics.

Gathered black lace cloaks shirred and trimmed with Barcelona lace and wide satin bows are among the most distinguished summer wraps.

Draperies across the hips remain very large; back draperies do not descend very low on the dress skirt, especially when there are flounces all around the skirt.

All the shades of gray are fashionably worn, and some very pretty gray chambertys have been made up and trimmed with white Saxony lace and clustering loops of gray and pink satin ribbon.

The newest sateens are combinations of apricot, red raspberry, strawberry, or gray tints, plain tints with shaded roses, palm leaves or bulbous blossoms on tinted ground, matching the plain material.

New pelisses are made of mixtures of silk and wool in Indian or Persian patterns, and in oriental blending of colors. They are lined with apricot, strawberry or olive twilled silk, and finished with bows of wide satin ribbon.

The Petersham felt hat for young ladies and misses is as masculine as any worn by youths in their teens. It is of London felt, with sloping crown and slightly rolled brim, and its severe trimming is a ribbed velvet band and steel buckle. Two kid bands, with buckles and straps, also trim these English walking-hats, and the binding of the brim must be of the same kind.

Little girls' dresses of Turkey red or blue percale are made with low, square necks and short sleeves, to wear over white guimpes. Blue bows are on the red dresses and red bows are on the blue ones. There are twelve tucks down the front and back of the long waists, and embroidered ruffles cover the skirt. Their white pique dresses are trimmed with open guipure embroidery, and shrimp-pink bows are worn with these.

Shaving a Pig.

Chief Justice Chase in his boyhood gave little promise of his future career. He was near-sighted, had a bad impediment in his speech, and was stoop-shouldered, shambling and slouchy in his appearance and gait. Owing to the death of his father and the poverty of his mother he was adopted by his uncle, Bishop Chase, of Ohio. The Cleveland *Leader* tells the following amusing story of his early life: "One day the bishop went away on one of his trips into the diocese, and told Salmon to quit school early enough in the afternoon to kill and dress a pig. The young man had never done anything of the kind, but he knew that he must first catch the pig. He did this after great trouble, and finally killed it. But now the question arose how he should get the hair off. He had heard that the farmers usually scalded hogs, and so he heated a lot of water and soused the pig in. But he held the pig in too long, and the water was too hot, so that the hair was simply set, and would not come out at all. The future jurist dug away with his fingers until they were raw, but to no effect. He finally bethought himself of the bishop's razor, and getting it, shaved the pig from nose to tail. Every one congratulated him upon the good job he had done, but when the bishop next tried to shave himself he came as near as bishops ever do to using profane language."

A Poor Cure for Insomnia.

A California man troubled with insomnia was told that he would be cured by going to bed, closing his eyes and picturing in the mind a flock of sheep jumping a fence one at a time. The experiment nearly made him insane. "I jumped about 2,000 over the fence," he says, "and there were about 1,000,000 left. Sleep! I'd given $1,000 not to see those sheep jump that fence. I could have gone to sleep right away but for the 2,000,000 stupid, white-faced sheep standing waiting like a lot of fools for me to jump 'em over the fence. Jump 'em, did I say? I had to boost 'em, hoist every one of those 6,000,000 sheep over that pasture fence, and when I turned and looked back there were 13,000,000 sheep, stupid, blank-faced, white, wooly imps waiting there, each saying, 'Me, too, my turn next.'"—*Boston Globe.*

It is better to yield a little than to quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up, as people call it, for their (little) rights is one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickerings which attend such a disposition; and unless a very momentous affair indeed, where other people's claims and interests are involved, it is a question if it is not wiser, happier and more prudent to yield somewhat of precious rights than squabble to maintain them. True wisdom is first pure, then peaceable and gentle.

MY OWN SHALL COME.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea,
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years,
My heart shall reap where it has sown
And garner up the fruit of tears.

The planets know their own and draw,
The tide turns to the sea;
I stand serene midst nature's law
And know my own shall come to me.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The dews fall on the lea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—*Denver News.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A relic hunter—A fellow endeavoring to capture a widow.

Thieves are always willing to "take a hand" in any business.

A sound education can only be obtained from a music master.

Spring fashions prevail all the year round at the circus.—*New York Journal.*

A man lately married, was asked at the club about his bride. "Is she pretty?" "No," replied he, "she is not, but she will be when her father dies."

Literary query: A new book is entitled "Short Sayings of Great Men." When are we to have the "Great Sayings of Short Men?"—*New York News.*

Nothing so strongly tests a man's veracity as to be summoned to the door to be confronted by the question: "Are you the head of the house?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Careful housekeeper at breakfast: "Bridget, Bridget, there's a fly in the room." "Yis, inda le, ma'am, I know there is. It got in this morning, when me back was turned."

Painted sashes are said to be fashionable, but on the cross-roads the weather-beaten pine-sash, with an old hat supplying the place of glass, may still be seen.—*Boston Bulletin.*

It was "Darling George" when a bridal couple left Omaha; it was "Dear George" at Chicago; at Detroit it was "George," and when they reached Niagara Falls it was "Say you!".

A calculation shows that a Dundee spinner must spin sixty miles of yarn to earn $2. Almost any country store can produce men that will spin a longer yarn for nothing.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Lightning struck a contribution plate in a Western church just as the deacon was passing it around. "This is the first time anything has struck this plate for three months," said the deacon, thoughtfully.

"Everything is as regular as clock-work about my house," said Brown, who was showing the splendors of his new residence to some of his friends "Yes," said Fogg, "it is tick, tick, all the time, I suppose."—*Boston Transcript.*

A five-year-old who went to school for the first time came home at noon, and said to his mother: "Mamma, I don't think that teacher knows much." "Why not, dear?" "Why, she kept asking questions all the time. She asked where the Mississippi river was."

A girl, seven or eight years old, slipped down on Woodward avenue the other day. As she was picking herself up a pedestrian said: "Don't cry, 'sissy.'" "Who's going to?" she sharply demanded, as she rose up. "I guess when a girl has got her mother's shawl on she ain't going to let anybody know she's hurt!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Two little girls met on the street the other day, and one said to the other: "I've put all my dolls into deep mourning, and it's so becoming to them! Come over and see them." "What did you do that for?" "Oh, we had a c'lamity. Our dog got killed, and there didn't anybody care but me and them; we've just cried our eyes out." Then the other little girl said in slow, deliberate tones: "May Wilson, ain't you lucky, though? There's always something happening you."—*Detroit Post.*

WHY SHE'S SO CHARMING.

Poets may sing of houris fair,
With oh, such wealth of golden hair;
Such eyes, such lips! such—I don't care,
They can't compare with Jessie!

Painters may blend their colors bright,
With rainbow tints and soft moonlight,
But never in their wildest flight
Could they come near my Jessie.

Sculptors may chisel from the stone
Ideals that need but breath alone
To live and move, and yet not one
Could ever equal Jessie.

You ask me why this maiden rare
So charming is beyond compare?
Well, her papa's a millionaire—
An only child my Jessie!

Astonishing.

The most astonishing claim yet made in behalf of electricity is that it has been proven possible to convey by it vibrations of light, so that it is practicable not only to speak with a distant friend, but to see him. According to the Otago *Times*, Dr. Guidrah, of Victoria, has invented an apparatus, called by him the electroscope, which accomplishes this. The paper in question says that a public test of this instrument was made in Melbourne in the presence of some forty scientific and public men. "Sitting in a dark room, they saw projected on a large disk of white burnished metal the race-course at Flemington, with its myriad hosts of active beings. Each minute detail stood out with perfect fidelity to the original, and as they looked at the wonderful picture through binocular glasses it was difficult to imagine that they were not actually on the course itself, and moving among those whose actions they could so completely scan."

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1883.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
FOR 1883.
ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

$1.50 A YEAR.

The PRESS entered its thirty-first (31st) volume on January 1st, 1883.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
Salem, N. C., Jan. 30, 1883.

—The *Bugle* says a mad dog was killed near the Greensboro gas house on Sunday.

—Gen. Greene B. Raum, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, has resigned. Numerous applicants for the position.

—We have before us a copy of the Annual Report of the North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station for 1882. It is full of valuable matter for the farmer.

—A terrible cyclone passed within 7 miles of the town of Meriden, La., on Saturday evening last. Trees, fences and houses were swept away, but no one was killed.

—The Leaksville *Gazette* informs us that Mr. J. A. Yates, formerly a civil engineer on the Midland Road, was shot in the abdomen by a man at Aberdeen, Miss. Yates shot at his assailant, but without effect.

—Mrs. Frances R. Phillips, wife of Solicitor General Phillips, of the Department of Justice, died suddenly of apoplexy at 3 o'cluck, Saturday afternoon, at her residence in Washington, D. C.

—A colored woman, named Sarah Mallory, died at Woodburn, Ky., on the 26th ult., at the age of 113 years. After reaching 100 years she made a trip to Virginia and back on foot.

—What is called "Arbor Day" is becoming popular in the West, which is set apart as a holiday, when the people turn out and plant trees. Several States have adopted it, and thus millions of trees are planted in a short time.

—We are indebted to Pulaski Cowper, Esq., of Raleigh, for a copy of an interesting pamphlet of 137 pages, being extracts from the correspondence of Gen. Bryan Grimes, some personal recollections of the war after its close.

—A friend sends us a descriptive circular of the Colorado Springs and Manitou. Every attraction for a summer resort seems to be found there. The very place for an editor or a publisher to spend a few weeks.

—THE CENTURY for May contains an excellently engraved portrait of Cardinal Manning. Father Junipero and His Work is an interesting sketch of the faithful missionary work of the Franciscan order in California. Pomona's Daughter, Adventures in Zuni, Aborigines and the Colonies, At Teague Poteet's and an unusual number of meritorious articles make up a splendid number.

—HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May closes its 66th volume. The frontispiece is a fine engraving of Abbey's painting, The Sisters, San Francisco, fully illustrated, Treaty of Peace and Independence, A singular story, Nehemiah's Plan, Castle in Spain, Roman Carnival Sketches, Anthony Trollop, Brooklyn Bridge, and several good poems, make one of the most readable magazines of the season.

STOKES COUNTY.—We learn that a young man by the name of Nelson, who lived a few miles north of Danbury, was killed by a tree falling on him.——Rewards of $400 each are offered for the following parties: Jim Smith, Owen Smith, William Nelson, Ben Smith, George Hairston, all white, and Ephraim Moore, colored.——Dr. W. S. Westmoreland, a highly respected citizen of this county, died of cancer at his near Dalton, on the 22d ult.

—The Irish Convention at Philadelphia adjourned on Friday last after a harmonious session. Its principal work was to organize the "Irish National League of America." Mr. Sullivan, of Chicago, was elected President of the League, and the supreme authority is vested in a council of seven, which was elected at the closing session, Friday night. A new platform was adopted, upon which all Irishmen can stand, without fear of Dynamite influence. The proceedings of the Convention were orderly and the destructive element ignored.

—To steal an umbrella is at last a crime. But if a man steals a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup to cure his cough, can it be called a crime?

Storms.

The storm centre that produced the recent cyclone, it is said, came into the United States on the Oregon coast, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and travelled east as far as Minnesota; then it turned southward and the havoc began. The Baltimore *Sun* contains an article, from which we clip the following matters of interest:

"The latest estimates of the amount of damage done by the great cyclone of Sunday last show that it was much more destructive than at first supposed, swelling the total of casualties to 300, besides houses and other property destroyed amounting to several millions in value. The area of its ravages is as remarkable as its violence. DesMoines, Iowa, Morehead City, N. C., Americus and Savannah, Ga., Chattanooga, Tenn., Beauregard, Miss., and many points outside of the limits of the vast tract of territory which a line drawn through the places named would inclose, besides hundreds of towns within those limits, felt the force of the great meteorological commotion of the 22d of April. It is unprecedent in the weather annals of this country. A report on "the character of six hundred tornadoes, prepared about a year ago for the weather bureau by Sergeant J. P. Finley, of the signal corps, gives in detail the history of all the cyclones that have occurred in the United States since 1795. From this publication it appears that the most destructive tornado of which we have any reliable record is that which on July 26, 1875, killed one hundred and thirty-four persons and destroyed $500,000 worth of property near Erie, Pa. Second to this in destructiveness was the one which on April 18, 1880, swept over Wisconsin, Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, Illinois, Georgia, Indiana and South Carolina, killing at Marshfield, Mo., as many as sixty-five persons, wounding over two hundred, and demolishing two hundred buildings. On April 16, 1879, Waterborough, S. C., suffered from a cyclone which killed sixteen persons and demolished fifty buildings. Louisville, Ky., on the 27th of August, 1854, was struck by a whirling wind-storm which killed twenty-five persons, wounded sixty-seven, and occasioned great destruction of property. The number of storms, indeed, which have destroyed from six to twelve lives is surprisingly large. It will be recalled that at 3:45 on the evening of October 6, 1875, a cyclone attended by a funnel-shaped cloud blazed a path extending northeastwardly 20 miles in length through Hertford county, in this State, but happily without occasioning any loss of life. This storm was accompanied by a loud, roaring noise, and in crossing the Chesapeake formed a water spout. Kansas with 62 storms, heads the list of States in the relative frequency of its cyclones; Illinois, Missouri, New York, Georgia, Iowa, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Minnesota, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Texas, Tennessee and South Carolina following in a decreasing series, the last mentioned being credited with 17 out of the six hundred observed in the last eighty-seven years. Summer is the season, and June the month of greatest frequency, though no month of the year is exempt. The great majority of cyclones occur in the afternoon, and move from southwest to northeast. The cyclone, as its name implies, is a whirlwind having two motions, moving forward as well as whirling about an axis. The velocity of progression is moderate, varying from twelve to sixty miles an hour, but the velocity of the wind within the cloud vortex is variously estimated at from seventy to eight hundred miles an hour, the average being three hundred and ninety-two miles. It is an interesting fact that the rotary movement is invariably from right to left, or in a direction opposite to the hands of a watch. Thunder and lightning commonly attended the development and progress of cyclones. It must not be supposed that the Northwestern States enjoy a monopoly in the production of cyclones of a destructive character. New York and Georgia, it will be observed, stand high in the list of States credited with storms, the former having thirty-five on record to the thirty-three accorded to Georgia. Meteorologists recognized, indeed, these areas productive of cyclones. The largest lying west of the Mississippi, embraces Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska. The next in extent perhaps is that of Georgia, and the third New York. Each of these areas is capable, "during the recovery of the atmospheric equilibrium," of generating a gyratory movement of the air which speedily develops in a cyclone of wide extent.—*News-Observer.*

Moon made of Green Cheese?

That is one of the things we know very little about. So also about the man in the moon, we know hardly anything of him. But we do know, that if the man in the moon or any other man, partakes too freely of green cheese or any other indigestible article of diet, he will have dyspepsia and bowel troubles. And we know that the way to get rid of such is to take PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

—Rear Admiral Edward Middleton died in Washington City, Friday night, aged 73 years.

—The first full-rigged ship ever built of iron in the United States was launched Saturday afternoon at the yard of Mr. John Roach, at Chester, Pa. The ship launched is 170 feet over all, 284 feet on the low water line, 42 feet beam 23½ feet depth of hold, and with a dead weight of 3,750 tons of cargo will have an extreme draught of 21 feet 6 inches. With 2,500 tons of weight she will draw 18 feet 9 inches. It is calculated that she will carry 4,250 tons of measurement. The ship is to run between San Francisco, California and Portland, Oregon, Mr. Roach says if she succeeds there will doubtless be numerous orders for similar vessels. The cost of the vessel will be about $140,000.

THE TESTS OF 40 YEARS

PROVE BEYOND DOUBT

THAT

Perry Davis's Pain Killer

IS

THE GREAT HEALTH KEEPER
THE RELIEVER OF DISTRESS
THE COMFORTER FOR PAIN

THE ENEMY OF DISEASE, AND A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY, WHICH SHOULD ALWAYS BE AT HAND.

EVERY DRUGGIST KEEPS

Perry Davis's Pain Killer

North Carolina | In the Superior Court
WILKES COUNTY. | Before I S Call, Clerk.

John O. Rousseau, Adm'r of B. F. Petty, dec. Pl'ff. *Against* The Heirs at Law of B. F. Petty, Dec. def'ts. | Petition to sell Land for Assets.

To Quincy Shuford and wife Julia A., Henry Shuford and wife Laura, James Porter and wife Joanna, Felix B. Petty, Millard Petty, McKamie Petty and the Heirs at law of Wm. B. Petty, dec., (names unknown.) Defendants named in the above entitled action: You are hereby notified that a motion has been made by the Plaintiff in said case asking for the confirmation of his report of sale filed in this case of the lands sold by him, as the Administrator of B. F. Petty, dec. and that you are required to appear before me at my office in Wilkesboro, N. C., within twenty days after the expiration of this publication (for four successive weeks,) when and where said motion will be heard, and that you may appear if you should see proper.

Given under my hand and official seal of office at Wilkesboro, N. C., on this the 26th day of March, A. D. 1883.

John S. Cranor, Attorney for Plaintiff.
I. S. CALL,
Clerk Superior Court.

THOSE WISHING

Tomb Stones

will please bring in their orders at once. I have a new brick shop and am prepared to fill orders promptly.

I. W. DURHAM,
Winston, N. C.

NOTICE.

Having this day qualified as administrators of the estate of William Johnson, dec'd, all persons who owe said deceased are requested to make payment to us at once and thereby save costs; and all those having claims against the estate of said deceased, are hereby notified to present them to us, proven as the law directs, within twelve months from this date, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

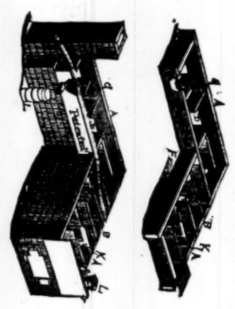
JOHN JOHNSON,
HENRY JOHNSON, } Adm'rs
of William Johnson, dec'd.

Feb. 9th, 1883.–7 6w.

IMPROVED EVAPORATOR.

ISAAC N. NULL, PATENTEE.

Patented January 2, 1883. No 269,877.



Pan. Pan mounted on Furnace.

CLAIM.—The herein described improved evaporating pan, consisting of the L shaped pan A, having partition D provided with a gate E, and transverse plates, G, extending alternately from each side wall towards the other, in both compartments of pan, for the purpose of retarding the flow of syrup, in combination with the strainer I, secured to plate J, having flange K, whereby it may be secured detachably upon any one of the plates G, at any desired point in either compartment of the pan as above set forth in the cuts.

By this construction, a man standing at the angle, can easily reach and skim the syrup at either end of the pan, which by the common practice of making the pans rectangular is not readily practicable. By my improved construction I am thus enabled to dispense with the labor of one man where two are required at those of ordinary construction.

The undersigned is the sole owner of the above patent for the United States of America, and is prepared to sell pans, County or State rights to suit purchasers. Also prepared to furnish Mills.

HENRY N. NULL,
P. O., Winston, N. C.

Salem Cotton Gin.

SEED COTTON WILL NOW BE RECEIVED AT THE

Gin-House on Shallowford St.,

and the Gin will begin work on or before,

Monday, November 20th, 1882.

Cotton will be ginned on shares, or for cash; and we will buy the seed cotton, or the lint after ginning.

Our facilities for good, speedy work are admirable; our terms reasonable, and sqaure dealings guaranteed.

J. F. SHAFFNER.

Salem N. C., Nov. 13, 1882.

REGISTRATION NOTICE.

All persons, not heretofore registered on the Registration Book of the Corporation of Salem, N. C., may now do so, at my office, on Main street.

All qualified electors of the State of N. C., who have resided in the corporate limits of Salem, N. C., ninety days, are entitled to registrer.

The municipal election will be held on Monday, the 7th day of May, 1883, at Commissioners' Hall, Salem, N. C.

J. F. SHAFFNER,
Registrar.

Mayor's Office, 4th April, 1883.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

HAVING taken Letters of Administration on the estate of David White, deceased, all persons holding claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, properly authenticated, for payment before the 31st of March, 1884, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. All persons owing said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

JAS. T. LINEBACK,
Administrator.

March 31, 1883.—4t

—BLANK BOOKS at the Salem Book Store.

GENERAL NEWS.

GATHERED FROM HOME AND ABROAD.

—Thomas Jefferson's only surviving grand child, Mrs. Meirkleham, is said to be living in great poverty in Georgetown.

—It is said that Admiral Baldwin will represent the United States government at the coming coronation of the Czar.

—Fagan, another Fenian, has been found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hanged 28th May, in Dublin.

—Rev. Dr. Chas. F. Deems, has been invited to deliver the baccalaureate sermon this year at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

—The Richmond tobacco manufacturers expected to ship on the first of May, under the reduced tax, 2,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 2,000,000 cigars and 3,000,000 cigarrettes, the tax on which will be $167,500.

—An Irishman named Foley, in Bradford, England, recently in a spirit of bravado drank thirty-six glasses of whisky in rapid succession. Of course he died just after his thirty-sixth drink.

—After long waiting, the public of New York and Brooklyn are made glad by the announcement that the great bridge over East river, connecting those cities, is to be opened on the 24th of May, with ceremonies of an elaborate character.

—A new French gun is twenty-nine feet six inches long, weighs 50 tons and costs $120,000. It is wire bound and is expected to put a ball through fifteen inches of armor, heavier than any on our monitors, at a distance of seven and a half miles.

WASHINGTON, April 26.—A photographic counterfeit of a new five dollar National Bank note was received at the Treasury to-day for redemption. It was upon the First National Bank of Milwaukee, and reached the Treasury through the Broadway National Bank, of New York. It is the first counterfeit discovery of the new notes.

—Owners are wanted of $10,755,000 bonds of the United States now past due. The Treasury officials think the bonds have been mislaid or destroyed. It is also stated that $15,000,000 of the $49,000,000 of fractional currency used during the war, and some $26,000,000 of greenback notes issued since 1803, have been lost.

ST. LOUIS, April 28.—Texas dispatches report that a violent windstorm swept over the northwestern portion of that State last night, doing much damage. At Bonham, Palo, Pinto and Belton a number of houses were blown down, and in Bell county several persons are reported to have been killed. A school-house containing seventy children, near Fort Worth, was demolished, but only one child is reported to have been hurt.

—The Postmaster-General has ordered that "all letters upon which one full rate of postage has been prepaid, and all postal cards shall be forwarded from the office to which they are addressed to any office, at the request of the person addressed, or of the party whose card may be upon the envelop, without additional charge of postage. Such forwarding must be continued until the party addressed is reached."

ST. LOUIS, April 26.—A special from Alberqueque, New Mexico, says that on the 19th instant, Geronino, one of the chiefs of Jub's Apaches, captured Prof. A. F. Bandelier, of the American Archæological Institute; S. F. Balder, of Tueson, and a Mexican, near the village of San Cristobal, in the State of Sonora. The Apaches took the prisoners into the mountains, and it is nearly certain that they have been murdered. Prof. Bandelier has been investigating Indian quarries in New Mexico and Arrizona for several years. His father and family reside at Highland, Illinois, a few miles east of St. Louis.

DANVILLE, VA., April 27.—In the northern part of Pittsylvania county a few days ago a colored woman, named Ella Anderson, beat to death her step-daughter, a child about four years of age. The woman began by whipping the child to make her run. Failing in this she blindfolded her and beat her with a stick over the head. She afterwards laid the little girl on the floor and struck her with a piece of iron. When she found that the child was dead she ran off, and was arrested eighteen miles from her house. It is thought that hereditary tendencies influenced her in this case, and it is now believed that she killed a child of her husband by a former wife last year.

DANVILLE, 24.—Wm. T. Dodson, of Danville, was arrested at Franklin Junction, Va., to-day, for the murder of a negro man. He confesses that he hired two negroes to bring him a body for dissecting, pretending that he was a physician. He says that he carried it into the upper room of the house, then occupied by himself alone, wrapped it in bed clothing, poured kerosene oil over it, fixed a lighted candle on it and went away. His mistake he says was in cutting the candle so long that the house did not take fire during the night; it being his purpose to burn the house and have it appear that he himself had been burned in it, and thus enable the family to obtain the amount of a life policy recently procured.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

COTTON is KING BUT OUR ENGINE is KING of COTTON!

Invaluable patented improvements found in no other ENGINES in the world. For Pamphlets and Price List, (also for SAW MILLS), address THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, Ohio.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD,

And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 Pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter-stamps. Send for circular. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

DIPHTHERIA

CROUP, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT will instantaneously relieve these terrible diseases, and will positively cure nine cases out of ten. Information that will save many lives sent free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Prevention is better than cure.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT (For Internal and External Use). CURES Neuralgia, Influenza, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Kidney Troubles, Diseases of the Spine and Lame Back. Sold everywhere. Send for pamphlet to I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter-stamps. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

BUY PACIFIC GUANO.

The Oldest Fertilizer on the Market.

AND OF GUARANTEED UNIFORM COMPOSITION.

FOR RAISING FINE YELLOW TOBACCO IS UNEXCELLED.

Tobacco raised by this Fertilizer is noticeable for the following qualities:

—RAPID GROWTH, GOOD SIZE, WAXY LEAF.—

PRICE, THIS SEASON, $4.50 CASH; $5.00 ON TIME.

We refer you to the following farmers, who have used it:

JAS. REED, of Reed's P. O., Forsyth.
Rev. S. F. CONRAD, Lewisville, "
JONATHAN FLYNN, Pine Hall, Stokes,
JNO. MASTEN Esq., Winston.
ALEX. BAKER, Germanton, N. C.
T. J. CLARK, Nettle Ridge, Patrick Co. Va.
J. H. VANHOY, Sedge Garden, Forsyth.
Rev. J. H. CAUDLE, Quaker Gap, Stokes.
JOEL P. HILL, Wilson's Store, Stokes.
F. S. LYNCH, Westfield, N. C.
WM. WHITE, Pilot Mountain, N. C.
J. W. DALTON, Patrick C. H., Va.,

and hundreds of other good men throughout the Tobacco Belt.

REED BROS.,
Near Depot, WINSTON, N. C.,
Dealers in General Merchandise.

April 5, 1883.-14-2m.

Gray & Martin,
DRUGGISTS,
Winston, N. C.

—Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Bilious attacks positively cured with Emory's Standard Cure Pills—an infallible remedy: never fail to cure the most obstinate, long-standing cases where Quinine and all other remedies had failed. They are prepared expressly for malarious sections, in double boxes, two kinds of Pills, containing a strong cathartic and a chill breaker, sugar-coated; contain no Quinine or Mercury, causing no griping or purging; they are mild and efficient, certain in their action and harmless in all cases; they effectually cleanse the system, and give new life and tone to the body. As a household remedy they are unequaled. For Liver Complaint their equal is not known; one box will have a wonderful effect on the worst case. They are used and prescribed by Physicians, and sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent by mail, 15 and 50 cent boxes. Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, best ever made, only 15 cents. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau street New York

"THE ELZEVIR LIBRARY."

Decidedly the most unique venture in a literary way to which the public has been treated, is the ELZEVIR LIBRARY, a new semi-weekly magazine. Each number contains some complete literary gem, a characteristic specimen of the best product of the brain of the author who is represented. It is thoroughly handsome in typography, and convenient in form, and is sold at a price so low that it is startling, only $2 a year for a volume of nearly 3,000 pages. The separate numbers vary in price; at two cents each we have Irving's famous "Rip Van Winkle." Canon Farrar's brilliant sketch of "The Burning of Rome." "Wilson's "Sea-Serpents of Science," Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," the "Life of Sir Isaac Newton," by Jas. Parton, and others; at three cents each they are very handsomely *illustrated* numbers containing "The Life of Gustave Dore," by F. H. Norton, "Queen Mabel," by Ellen Tracy Allen, and "A Half Hour in Natural History," by S. H. Peabody; at six cents, there is a "Life of Washington Irving," by R. H. Stoddard; and at seven cents, Macaulay's famous "Life of Frederick the Great," at ten cents, two really beautifully illustrated numbers, one of which is Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, complete, and the other Charles Dickens' delightful Cricket on the Hearth. You can obtain the books from the news or book dealers, or from the publisher direct, who offers liberal terms to clubs. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vessey Street, N. Y.

REST not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. $66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, boys and girls make great pay all the time, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

PAY YOUR CORPORATION TAXES

TAX PAYERS will please come forward at once and pay their taxes. The money is needed to pay for work done on the streets.

L. N. CLINARD, Collector.
Salem, N. C., Oct. 31, 1881.

T. R. PURNELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

RALEIGH, N. C.

HERRICK'S POEMS,
THE FINEST GIFT BOOKS OF THE SEASON
AT SALEM BOOKSTORE.
SPLENDID PRESENT FOR CHRISTMAS.

R. B. KERNER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WINSTON, N. C.

—The largest and most complete assortment of

ZIEGLER BROTHER'S SHOES

ever brought to this market, just received. H. W. FRIES.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as Administrator on the estate of Josiah Atkins, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment without delay; and all those having claims against said estate are requested to present them proven according to law within 12 months from this date, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.

JOHN W. ATKINS,
Administrator.

Feb. 13, 1883.

NEW YORK

WEEKLY HERALD.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

The circulation of this popular newspaper is constantly increasing. It contains all the leading news of the DAILY HERALD and is arranged in handy departments. The

Foreign News

embraces special dispatches from all quarters of the globe. Under the head of

American News

are given the Telegraphic Dispatches of the week from all parts of the Union. This feature alone makes

The Weekly Herald

the most valuable chronicle in the world, as it is the cheapest. Every week is given a faithful report of

Political News

embracing complete and comprehensive despatches from WASHINGTON, including full reports of the speeches of eminent politicians on the questions of the hour.

The Farm Department

of the WEEKLY HERALD gives the latest as well as the most practical suggestions and discoveries relating to the duties of the farmer, hints for raising CATTLE, POULTRY, GRAINS, TREES, VEGETABLES, &c., &c., with suggestions for keeping buildings and farming utensils in repair. This is supplemented by a well-edited department, widely copied, under the head of

The Home,

giving receipes for practical dishes, hints for making clothing and for keeping up with the fashions at the lowest price. Every item of cooking or economy suggested in this department is practically tested by experts before publication. Letters from our Paris and London correspondents on the very latest fashions. The Home Department of the WEEKLY HERALD will save the housewife more than one hundred times the price of the paper. The interests of

Skilled Labor

are looked after, and everything relating to mechanics and labor saving is carefully recorded. There is a page devoted to all the latest phases of the business markets Crops, Merchandise, &c., &c. A valuable feature is found in the specially reported prices and conditions of

The Produce Market.

SPORTING NEWS at home and abroad, together with a STORY every week, a SERMON by some eminent divine, LITERARY, MUSICAL, DRAMATIC, PERSONAL and SEA NOTES. There is no paper in the world which contains so much news matter every week as the WEEKLY HERALD, which is sent, postage free, for One Dollar. You can subscribe at any time.

The New York Herald,

in a weekly form,

One Dollar a Year.

Address,

New York Herald,

BROADWAY and ANN STREET, New York.

LIFE OF ALEX. H. STEPHENS.

A Life of this eminent statesman and patriot whose name is now especially dear to all Southern hearts, is announced for publication early in April in the ELZEVIR LIBRARY—a fact of decided popular interest, because in that form it will be at once a beautiful souvenir, and within the reach of every Southern home. It is written by F. H. Norton, author of the "Life of General Winfield S. Hancock," "The life of Gustave Dore." It will contain an excellent portrait and other illustrations, making a volume of over 100 pages, and will be sold for the price of ten cents in paper or 25 cents for handsome cloth binding. It will be well to order at once from your local newsdealers, or from the publisher, to be sure of securing a copy from the first edition, as of courre the demand will be very large. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vessey Street, New York.

—School Children's Autograph Album, only 10 cents. It is neat and pretty. At Salem Bookstore.

BIRTHDAY CARDS in great variety are on hand. The larger and more expensive styles can be ordered if applied for in time at SALEM BOOK STORE.

—Ninety-nine choice readings and recitations in People's Library style, price 10 cents. Also Beadle's Dime Speakers, and other School Speakers, at Salem Bookstore.

THEY CAN'T DO IT!
DO WHAT?
SELL GOODS AS CHEAP AS

RYTTENBERG BROTHERS.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS,

AND CARRY A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT.

ONE PRICE! ONE PRICE!!

A nice line of SILKS, SURAHS, OTTOMANS, HENRIETTA CLOTH, BLACK and COLORED CASHMERES, BUNTINGS, CHECKS, NUN'S VEILINGS, &c., in all the new shades.

OUR STOCK OF LACES, EMBROIDERIES, GLOVES, &c., comprises all the latest styles and patterns, and is CONSTANTLY BEING INCREASED.

IN OUR WHITE GOODS DEPARTMENT, WILL BE FOUND A FULL LINE OF LINEN, LAWNS, MULLS, DOTTED SWISS, NAINSOOKS, &c.

ELEGANT DESIGNS IN FANS AND PARASOLS.

HANDSOME EMBROIDERED DRESSES, something new. A BEAUTIFUL LINE OF WHITE DRESSES IN PATTERNS, with TRIMMINGS TO MATCH.

THE NICEST LINE OF MEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS'

CLOTHING,

ever brought to this market.

We also carry a full line of CARPETS, PLAIN AND FANCY MATTINGS, OIL CLOTHS, RUGS, &c.

A splendid assortment of Opera Slippers, Windsor and Vassar Ties.

Call and examine our stock. No trouble to show goods, and you will find that there is no longer any necessity for your sending off for goods. SAMPLES sent on application. All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

RYTTENBERG BROTHERS,
NEW STORE, BITTING'S BLOCK, LIBERTY STREET,
May 3, 1883.—3m–18. WINSTON, N. C.

PIEDMONT WAREHOUSE.

WINSTON, N. C.

FOR THE SALE OF LEAF TOBACCO.

Our sales, to date, have been larger than ever before since the house opened.

Our prices, for grades sold, have been equal to any house in North Carolina or Virginia.

Now that the vexed tax question is settled, we look for an active trade in all grades of Tobacco; more especially the better grades of ripe, rich and waxy, as well as all grades of brights.

We give below a partial list of sales of some parcels of good grades of bright recently made at PIEDMONT.

1	Lot, J. G. White,	at	33.00	1	Lot, I. W. Crouse, at	32.00	1	Lot, Wm. Vogler, at	55.00
1	" "	"	50.00	1	" " "	45.00	1	" C. A. Culler, "	49.00
1	" J. W. Smith,	"	40.00	1	" " "	55.00	1	" Alex. Merritt, "	49.00
1	" J. S. Fulp,	"	34.00	1	" " "	65.00	1	" A. Phelps, "	64.00
1	" "	"	50.00	1	" James Bowles, "	39.00	1	" W. J. Macecup, "	55.00
1	" I. W. Crouse,	"	30.00	1	" " "	46.00	1	" " "	69.00
1	" "	"	49.00	1	" J. B. Spainhour,	50.00			
1	" "	"	37.00	1	" J. L. Reich, "	50.00			

We expect no decline in any of the better grades during the present Tobacco year; but hope for an improvement.

Mr. J. R. PIERCE, for nearly twenty years past connected with the Danville and Winston Warehouses, is with PIEDMONT, and would be pleased to see his old friends and customers.

Don't forget the name and place: PIEDMONT, corner Old Town and Shallow Ford Streets.

Drive in where you will be cordially received at all times.

May 3, 1883—1t–18. M. W. NORFLEET & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1846 MUNN & Co. PATENTS New York

We continue to act as solicitors for patents, caveats, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., for the United States, and to obtain patents in Canada, England, France, Germany, and all other countries.

Thirty-six years' practice. No charge for examination of models or drawings. Advice by mail free.

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, which has the largest circulation, and is the most influential newspaper of its kind published in the world. The advantages of such a notice every patentee understands.

This large and splendidly illustrated newspaper is published WEEKLY at $3.20 a year, and is admitted to be the best paper devoted to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering works, and other departments of industrial progress, published in any country. Single copies by mail, 10 cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

Address, Munn & Co., publishers of Scientific American, 261 Broadway, New York.

Handbook about patents mailed free.

North Carolina R.R.

Condensed Schedules.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Jan. 3 1883.	No. 51. Daily.	No. 53. Daily
Leave Charlotte	4 10 a m	4 25 p m
" Salisbury	6 05 a m	6 26 p m
" High Point	7 28 a m	7 50 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 10 a m	8 33 p m
Leave Greensboro		8 10 p m
Arrive Hillsboro		11 28 p m
" Durham		12 58 a m
" Raleigh		1 25 a m
Leave "		1 30 a m
Arrive Goldsboro		3 50 a m

No. 15—Daily, except Saturday. Leave Greensboro 6 30 a. m. Arrive at Raleigh 2 45 p. m. Arrive Goldsboro 7 20 a. m.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, via Danville. At Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for all points in Western North Carolina.

No. 53—Daily at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, and for all points on the W. & W. R. R.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Jan. 3, 1883.	No. 50. Daily.	No. 52. Daily.
Leave Goldsboro	10 0 a m	
Arrive Raleigh	12 15 p m	
Leave "	4 15 p m	
Arrive Durham	5 32 p m	
" Hillsboro	6 11 p m	
" Greensboro	8 30 p m	
Leave "	9 15 p m	9 11 a m
Arrive High Point	9 50 p m	10 50 a m
" Salisbury	11 12 p m	12 15 p m
" Charlotte	1 10 a m	2 15 p m

No. 16, D'lyex. Sunday—Lv. Golds. 4 40 a. m, Ar. Raleigh 8 36 p. m, Lv. Raleigh 9 10 a. m, Ar. Greensboro 4 45 p. m.

No. 50—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. A. L., for all points in South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southwest.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING WEST.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily, ex. Sun
Leave Greensboro	9 25 p m	10 25 a m
Arrive Kernersville	10 41 p m	11 35 a m
" Salem	11 10 p m	12 09 p m
GOING EAST.	No. 51, Daily, ex. Sun.	53, Daily.
Leave Salem	6 20 a m	6 15 p m
Arrive Kernersville	6 46 a m	6 45 p m
" Greensboro	7 45 a m	8 00 p m

State University Railroad.

GOING NORTH.	No. 1 Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Chapel Hill	7 30 a m
Arrive University	8 32 a m
GOING SOUTH.	No. 2 Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Raleigh	5 40 p m
Arrive University	6 42 p m

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS
WITHOUT CHANGE,

On Train No. 50—New York and Atlanta via Washington and Danville.

On Train No. 52, Richmond and Danville and Washington and Augusta, Ga., via. Danville.

Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, and at all principal points South, South-west, West North and East. For Emigrant rates to Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and the South-west, address

M. SLAUGHTER,
Gen'l Pass'r Agt.
Richmond, Va.

Go to FRIES' for your FINE SHOES.

BIGGEST THING OUT!

BURPEE'S

WELCOME OATS. Actual Weight This Year

50 Pounds per Level Bushel.

The handsomest Oats ever seen, and will undoubtedly everywhere prove the most productive variety of oats known. The grain is very large, plump and full, and with good cultivation will yield from 80 to 135 legal bushels per acre.

$155.00 in Cash Prizes for 1883.

To be paid the most successful growers of BURPEE'S WELCOME OATS. Competition open to all who purchase one or more twenty-five cent packages, each containing two ounces of seed. Price 25 cents per package, or 5 packages for $1.00. Send 25 cents in postage stamps for one package, and our Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue for 1883, and if not satisfied, money will be refunded. Address

"Special Department,"
W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

ONE DOLLAR BOOKS.

Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,
" " Washington and other Generals,
Dickens' Child's History of England,
POEMS, from 60 cents to $1.00.

BIRTHDAY BOOKS.

Cooper's Pilot,
Swiss Family Robinson,
Robinson Crusoe,
Arabian Knights,
Captain Kid,
1,000 Miles Walk,
Louis Philippe,
Heart of Steel, (Fisher),
Michaelmas Daisy,
Peter the Whaler,
Scottish Chiefs,
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare,
Sam Slick, Plants of the Bible,
Vicar of Wakefield, Apple Blossoms,
Lalla Rookh, Talking Leaves,
Paradise Lost, Euphrates and Tigris,
Picciola, John Eax,
Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures, Charlotte and Lucy Temple,

and a large lot of valuable books at prices far below cost.

Don't neglect this opportunity of buying books at AUCTION PRICES.

Books sent by mail, postage will be added. Sent postage free at regular retail prices.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.
Salem, N. C., April 12, 1883.

GEO. E. NISSEN & CO.,
SALEM, N. C.,
WAGON MANUFACTURERS.

Using only the best of materials, we make the best of work, and warrant every job. We have the oldest and largest Wagon Works, and our wagons have the best reputation of any in the State. Every Wagon bears the name "J. P. NISSEN, Salem,

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1883.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

HARPER'S.—Subscriptions for all of Harper's periodicals received at this office, in clubs with the PRESS.

New Advertisements.

Rytteuberg Brothers, Winston, announce a splendid assortment of fine goods of every description. Their stock is complete and everybody can suit themselves here at home. Don't send North for your goods when they can be had at home as cheap and even cheaper.

Piedmont Warehouse continues to enjoy its well earned reputation for obtaining the highest prices for tobacco. It is second to none, and our farmers would do well to remember M. W. Norfleet & Co., when they bring their leaf tobacco to market.

The firm of Reynolds & Reynolds has been dissolved by mutual consent,

See financial Statement of Salem town corporation.

Tobacco Boom in Winston.

On Tuesday last over 500,000 pounds of tobacco were shipped from Winston, requiring an extra train. One firm bought over $8,000 for stamps.

The sale of tobacco stamps in this district on May 1st, amounted to about $50,000. Some $32,400 were sold at the office in Winston.

—Municipal elections take place on next Monday, 7th inst. All voters not registered can do so by calling at Dr. J. F. Shaffner's office.

☞ The time of meeting of the State Board of Medical Examiners is May 14th, and not May 20th as heretofore announced.

—Ascension Day to-day.

—New Moon next Sunday, at 4.37 in the afternoon.

—The gardens are fully a month behind time here.

—We have been informed that the peach crop will be short, but the prospect is good for abundance of apples and cherries.

—O. M. Nelson died in Navada, Mo., recently. He was a native of North Carolina, and a cousin of I. H. Nelson, of Winston.

—The ladies of St. Paul's Episcopal church, contemplate giving a strawberry festival and apron bazar for benefit of the church. Further notice will be given.

—Mrs. E. A. Vogler and daughter, Miss Minnie, left for Madison, yesterday morning, where they will spend several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Carter.

—Tuesday, the 1st, was not a very agreeable day for "May parties." The weather was cool and cloudy, making it comfortable within doors and over coats without.

—Messrs. Hinshaw & Bynum's new advertisement will appear next week. They offer bargains in most everything. Especial attention is called to the fine Ladies' Dress Goods Department.

—The new style of straw hats worn by the young men, this spring, are very pretty, but the crown of each one has the appearance of having been finished just as the supply of straw gave out.

THE LATE FLOOD.—In addition to last week's report we learn that the Old Town bridge was washed away, I. A. Roberson's mill dam, on Belew's Creek, was broken, and many bridges on Town Fork swept away.

—The soda water fountains are now in season, and the young man who goes promenading with his girl and only a dime in his pocket, must either dispense with the accustomed treat or stand and look on while she sips the cooling beverage.

—The cry of "guess 'em out, boys!" is no longer heard in Winston. The proprietors of the photograph lottery "run to the length of the rope," so far as their license was concerned, and closed business on last Saturday night, and left on Sunday evening's train.

—Joseph Reynard, the florist, has engaged the services of a French gardener and florist, who will attend to the cultivation of flowers, &c., for him. Mr. Reynard's green-house presents a fine appearance now, and is well worth a visit by lovers of beautiful flowers.

—The "cheap John" store, in Winston, had a large crowd of buyers and spectators on hand, last Saturday night. It took three men to extol the merits of their goods, and had Prof. "Jimcrack" been there he would have thrown his ear-trumpet away and plugged his ears with bees-wax.

—There will be a total eclipse of the sun next Sunday, 6th, at 4 o'clock 25 minutes in the afternoon. Get your smoked glass ready and if you should happen to be on the Southern Pacific Ocean, and the weather is fair, you can see this eclipse, as that is the place it will be mostly visible.

ACCIDENT.—We learn that while driving home from Forck Church, on Wednesday of last week, Elder Wm. Turner was thrown out of his buggy, by the wheel striking a large rock in the road, receiving painful, but not serious injuries. Mrs. Turner was with him but is uninjured.

—Last Saturday night a telegram was received at our depot from Kernersville, stating that some negroes had stolen a hand-car at that place and had put off in this direction. Several police officers were notified of the fact, and went three or four miles down the road to catch the negroes, but were only rewarded by finding the hand-car deserted and lying on the side of the road. We learn that the car was taken by the negroes to transport them to a party which they attended that night.

HOME AGAIN.—The Kernersville *News*, says: C. N. Malone and wife, who left Salem some eight months ago, for Texas, returned this week. He told us that Texas was not what he expected, and would advise North Carolinians to stay at home.

—Noah Kimel, Esq., of Yekely, Davidson county, has a lot of 8 fine Berkshire pigs, 7 months old, weighing 35 pounds each. He has one acre in Kivit wheat that will average twenty-four inches in height. "How is that for high" in old North Carolina. It beats the Wellington, Kansas wheat.

—A colored driver of a dray loaded with tobacco was severely injured on Tuesday, by being run over by the dray. He was going down the hill near they depot, and putting on the brake to the dray it broke throwing him off the dray in such a manner that the wheels run over him, breaking an arm and otherwise injuring him.

—Last Sunday the widowed sisters of Salem Congregation, celebrated their choir day or annual festival. The decorations were elaborate and very beautiful, especially that in rear of pulpit. The pulpit desk had its bouquets and the reading desk was flanked by rich floral masses of exquisite beauty and tasteful arrangement.

—Some twenty-five years ago, a lady, now living in this place, then a little girl, fell into a thorn bush and stuck a thorn in one leg, near the knee. A physician in extracting the thorn broke it off leaving about a half inch of the sharp point remain, being unable to find it. The wound healed and nothing more was thought of the piece of thorn that remained as it gave no inconvenience. The other night, however, the lady discovered a blueish looking pimple on one of her ankles, which soon became painful. She applied a poultice to the place, and on removing it next day, was astonished to find the piece of thorn. It had worked from the knee to the ankle after being embeded in the flesh some twenty-five years, not giving the least pain or inconvenience until nearly through the skin.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PENCILINGS BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.

FORSYTH AND DAVIDSON COUNTIES.

—John Enochs killed two owls one evening lately. One measured four feet from tip to tip of its wings, the other four feet and one inch.

—Felix Sink and his hands worked his road two days last week, making three days in all during the last two months.

—From all appearance blackberries will be plenty this year.

—There will be many bullrushes in first crop of hay this year.

—The top limbs of many peach trees have died. Some think it was caused by overbearing last year; others are of opinion that the cold snap last fall killed them.

—Farmers were so anxious to plant corn that much ground has been plowed too wet.

—Samuel Lambeth has thirteen pigs which he says are nearly pure blood Essex, seven of which he has bargained to his neighbors for breeders.

—Another tobacco wagon hung up in the pond at Geo. Hege's. The road across this pond is in a bad condition, and the overseer is at his wit's end to know what to do with it. A few more large rains will make it impassable if something is not done. It is thought advisable by some to bring the matter before the County Commissioners for them to devise a plan for improving this portion of the road.

—Squirrels are plenty. Ambrose Rominger and Lafayette Sink killed twelve one day last week.

—It appears that there will be a crop of white oak mast this fall, as the trees are full of blossoms.

—Some frost in our neighborhood on Wednesday and Thursday mornings of last week; not enough to do any dam age however.

—Fat beeves are so scarce that the butcher who finds one considers it an important discovery.

—Sheep are so scarce in our section that many people have forgotten just what time in the year sheep-shearing time comes; whether it comes in April, May or later in the year, they are not exactly certain.

—Corn, although planted late, must a good deal of it be coming up, for we see a good many scare-crows have been put up already.

—Rev. Mr. Burch preaches at Hopewell school-house, the first Sunday night in June.

—The majority of farmers have adopted the plan of covering their potatoes with either hay or leaves. They say they will stand dry weather better and yield more than to tend them.

—We notice corn planted several ways, but people generally have adopted the plan of breaking their ground, then harrowing it and afterwards drawing a furrow and drilling it. The old plan of listing is not practiced very extensively any more.

—We notice that people have different ways of stopping gullies. Some fill them with corn stalks. Corn stalks are valuable for their fertilizing properties, but not very permanent material to stop gullies with.

—We see by posters that Samuel Long has penned a stray pig, which he says weighs about 35 pounds gross. It is his intention to sell it after twenty days' notice, and keep out of what it brings what the law allows him for penning, advertising and feeding it, and pay the balance over to our school fund.

We fear the pig is too light to increase our school fund any.

—Possums will get a few more persimmons again next fall, as the time for cutting persimmon wood is ended and there are still a few trees left standing. Dealers won't buy the wood that is cut after the sap rises in it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

For the Press.

FACES.

What a variety of faces there are! Did any one ever see two faces exactly alike? Just think of it! of all the millions of persons on this sublunary ball, no two alike!

There are handsome faces, pretty, intelligent, interesting and others, but no face is so *ugly* that nothing interesting can be found about it.

You may think this or that person has an "ugly face". Look at it again. Those eyes—are they not meek grey eyes that speak of softness and quietness? Take a peep through those "windows of the soul" and see what there is inside.

The mouth at first seems rather large and unshapely. Notice it again, when the lips are parted in a smile. The nose may be large and irregular, but then "large noses are a sign of intelligence." Console yourselves, Oh, companians in affliction.

Perhaps the eye-brows meet;—that certainly does not enhance the beauty. But Michael Angelo's eye-brows met, and the ancient Greeks considered it an especial mark of beauty.

So even the most unattractive face may be very interesting, if one would only notice it.

Then there is the pretty face, with lilly complexion, "forget-me-not eyes," rosy lips, and peach-like cheeks. One thinks of happiness directly on seeing this, and it does one good to see such a face when lighted up by a sunny smile. If one thinks of tears at all there, it is only as of an April shower.

There are handsome faces balonging to both males and females. See the broad marble brow, not disfigured by bangs, or as some one has appropriately said "lunatic fringe," the large, dark, luminus eyes, with long dark lashes, and beautifully arched eye-brows; the carmine lips from between which occasionally are visible two perfect rows of pearly teeth; the rounded chin, and cheeks with just rose enough to give them a healthy color. This face of course is supposed to be feminine.

The handsome face of a man is the exception and not the rule. The honest blue eyes, Byron nose, clear complexion, is generally most that can be admired in a masculine face, for the mouth is often quite hidden by that "darling mustache" that has been so carefully trained, from the delicate "down," to its present state of luxuriance. (Be it said, just here, that there is no way of telling the real color, as hair dye is so plentiful and cheap.) Then a beard frequently hides the chin, so the side whiskers, by some considered handsome and becoming (though your humble servant has yet to see the first instance where they were so) entirely conceal the outline of the cheek. And what is more ridiculous than to see one of these "noblest of God's creatures" with his hair parted in the middle?

There is still another kind of face to be looked at and admired, not because of its brightness and attractiveness, but for its purity. The dear old grandmother, with her saintly face encircled by her cap frill which reminds one of a halo. The eyes may be faded, but what of that? perhaps some of our own wayward acts have caused the tears that fadsd the once bright eyes and made the furrows in the cheeks.

We may admire handsome faces, perhaps covet pretty faces, but we all love this dear saintly face, for the kind and sympathetic expression always visible.

May we, one and all, so live that when we reach a ripe old age our faces may bear the innocent happy expression caused by a life full of good works.

—List of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., May 1, 1883.

Mrs. Minie Bynum, Miss Mary Bynum, Miss Cora K. Clayton, Miss Vic Charles, Miss M. L. Crouch, Miss Ann Case, Miss J. C. Charles, H. C. Case, Miss Mandy C. Disher, Alfred Ebert, David Enochs, Rufus Faw, W. W. Fulk, Ellick Fries (col.), J. Glascoe, Mrs. Sallie J. Huff, Miss Lizzie Holder, Miss Jane Hines, A. L. Hoover (2), John Holdhauser, Mrs. Mary Johnson, W. R. Jones, Miss Catherine Kinnaman (4), Norman Kimel, Julian S. Lamb, Ira A. Nicholson, Mrs. Mary A. Pope, Miss Josephine Pope, Miss Madora Peeples, Miss Flora A. Shields, Miss Levey Still, Miss Laura E. Sappenfield, Samuel Spach, William Suits, J. E. Spaugh, M. V. Smith, M. M. Stewart, C. B. Stacey, Jerry H. Smith, Solomon Smith, Lewis Snider, William R. Snider, David Rush, L. M. Zimmerman,

J. BLICKENDERFER, P. M.

DIED.

At her residence, in South Fork township, on Friday 27th ult., after a lingering illness, Mrs. LOUISA J. MOCK, consort of A. B. Mock, and daughter of the late Rev. Jordan Rominger.

A husband, six children and a large circle of relatives and friends mourn her loss.

Dissolution.

The firm of Reynolds and Reynolds has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. Either party is empowered to settle claims, give receipts, etc.

W. P. REYNOLDS,
C. A. REYNOLDS,

May 1, 1883.

NOTICE.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Of the Treasurer of the Board of Commissioners of the town of Salem, N. C., May 1, 1883.

1882—May 1.

To cash in Treasury.....$101.83
" Tax levy for 1882.....2,567.32
" Taxes of 1881 collected, 25.15
" Fines collected.....45.25
S. F. Academy.....50.00—2,789.55

CREDITS.

By street expenses for year, 999.29
" Work on mill lane.....91.50
" Police services, 13 mos....542.69
" New st. lamps, posts, &c. 195.67
" Oil, chimneys, glass, &c. 216.66
" Rent of hall, 2 years..... 60.00
" Officers salaries, printing, &c.....291.23
" Error in listing, over and under age, Fire Co., &c. 161.82
" Taxes now due.....138.40
" Cash in Treasury.....92.29—2,789.55

LIABILITIES.

T. Vogler, old note, 600.00

We, the Committee appointed by the Mayor, have examined the accounts and vouchers of L. N. Clinard, as set forth above and find them correct,

Signed, C. S. HAUSER, } Auditing
C. H. FOGLE, } Com.

MONEY
can be saved by buying your
FRUIT TREES
of
J. R. OSBORNE,
Proprietor of
LONE STAR NURSERIES,
Abbott's Creek,
Davidson County, N. C.

F. & H. FRIES' COTTON AND WOOL MILLS.

WOOL MILLS.

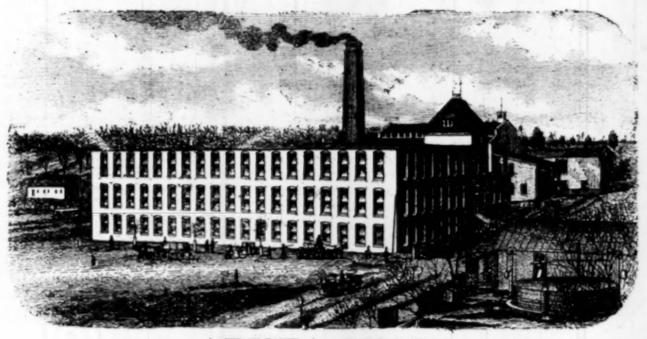
The business of Messrs. F. & H. Fries was commenced in the year 1840, by Mr. Fr. Fries, as a wool carding machine. Soon after he added a small spinning frame together with several hand looms and began the manufacture of the celebrated Salem Jeans, which have been so deservedly popular for over forty years. The fact of its acceptance with the public for this length of time and its continued popularity, speaks the highest words of praise for this thriving enterprise of our community.

In 1846, the firm of F. & H. Fries was formed by the entrance of Mr. H. W. Pries into the business, and this firm name has ever since been retained. At that date the consumption of wool was 9,116 pounds a year. The cotton warps used were bought of the Salem Cotton Factory, which was built in 1837, and is now owned by Messrs. F. & H. Fries and run as the Wachovia Flouring Mills.

In 1848, they built their first cotton factory, containing 528 spindles, principally to make warps for their own use and yarns for the surrounding country. Their consumption for the following year was 91,767 pounds of cotton, and 19,440 pounds of wool. During the next ten years they added other machinery which increased their production in 1859 to 140,787 pounds of cotton and 81,345 pounds of wool.

In 1863, Mr. Fr. Fries, the senior partner died, and during the succeeding years and trying times that followed, the business was successfully conducted by Mr. H. W. Fries as surviving partner.

In 1879 the estate of Mr. Fr. Fries was finally settled and the business under the old name of F. & H. Fries continued in the hands of the present members of the firm, Messrs. H. W. Fries, J. W. Fries, F. H. Fries and H. E. Fries.



ARISTA MILLS.

In 1880 their second cotton factory with a capacity for 6,480 spindles and 180 looms, was built, and half the machinery is now in successful operation. We learn from them that they now have a trade extending largely over the Southern States, that their daily production is about 6,300 yards of different goods; and that their Wachovia Flouring Mills during the month of September ground 8,334 bushels of wheat.

Their custom department for the year 1881 manufactured 42,619 lbs. of wool into rolls, yarn, cloth, etc., for parties who sent their wool to be worked in this way. They are doing more this year than ever before, receiving almost daily parcels of wool from all parts of North and South Carolina.

Their purchase of domestic wool in 1881 amounted to 87,228 pounds principally from North Carolina, while their total wool purchases for the year aggregated 194,441 pounds. This wool is all manufactured into Jeans, Kerseys, Yarns, Rolls, etc., and sold throughout our whole country where it is very well known.

No less popular are their standard *Arista* sheetings, which are finding a ready sale wherever offered and giving general satisfaction. Their product is over 5,000 yards a day, which with their warp and yarn department makes their consumption of cotton over 2,300 pounds each day.

With the completion of their projected improvements they will have in operation 900 woolen spindles, 6,480 cotton splindles, 228 looms, besides the Wachovia Flouring Mills with five run of stone.

They invite the public generally to a trial of their goods and work, feeling sure their long experience and determination to do honest work will give satisfaction.

They use the electric light in the Arista Mills.

NOTICE.

The Board of Medical Examiners of the State of North Carolina, will meet in Tarborro, N. C., on Monday, May 14th, 1883.

Without a license from this Board, no physician who commenced to practice in North Carolina, after April 15th, 1859, can collect his fees by law.

Applicants for license will be examined in the various branches of medicine, and must give satisfactory evidence of good moral character, and that they have attained the age of twenty-one years. (See Laws of N. C., 1858–'59, and 1870–'71.)

PETER E. HINES, M. D., Pres.
HENRY T. BAHNSON, M. D., Sec'y.
Salem, N. C., April 23, 1883.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat,.....	$1 05 to 1 15
Corn, per bushel,.....	00 to 65
Oats, " "	50 to 60
Rye, " "	00 to 00
Barley, per bush,.....	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred,.....	2 75 to 3 50
Peas, (col'd.) per bushel,.....	0 00 to 0 65
Peas, (white,) " "	90 00 to 0 0
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (white,)" "	00 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel,.....	0 00 to 0 00
Pork,.....	8 00 to 9 00
Country Meat, (hog round,).	00 to 00
" Hams'.....	00 to 00
Green Apples per bushel,.....	00 to 0 00
Eggs, per dozen,.....	12 to 00
Butter, per pound,.....	20 to 25
Tallow, " "	6 to 08
Beeswax," "	00 to 30
Flax Seed, per bushel,.....	90 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bush,.....	50 to 60
Potatoes, sweet, " "	00 to 30
Cabbage, per pound,.....	00 to 00
Chickens, per dozen,.....	2 00 to 3 00
Hay, per hundred,.....	40 to 50
Fodder, per hundred bdls,..	00 to 00
Shucks, per hundred lbs,....	00 to 00

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs Common Red	3 00 to 4 50
" Good	7 00 to 9 00
" Bright	5 00 to 6 00
" Good	8 50 to 9 00
" Fine	10 00 to 12 00
Fillers Common	4 00 to 6 50
" Good	7 00 to 8 00
" Fine	8 00 to 10 00
Wrappers Common	10 00 to 12 00
" Good	20 00 to 30 00
" Fine	35 00 to 45 00
" Fancy	00 00 to 00 00

WISE people are always on the lookout for chances to increase their earnings, and in time become wealthy; those who do not improve their opportunities remain poverty. We offer a great chance to make money. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

FOR SALE Double Buggy and Harness. Enquire at SALEM BOOK STORE.

THE AMERICAN FARMER,

Aptly and justly styled by its friends

"OLD RELIABLE,"

in whose pages experience and progress go hand in hand, and to which the ablest and most successful men and women of this section contribute their best thoughts in every department of Farm Life and Work.

Abreast of the times, alive to the discoveries of *Science*, yet testing all by the touchstone of *practice*, new acquaintances will soon prove it a trusty companion for thinking farmers and planters, fruit-growers and gardeners, stock-raisers and dairymen, whilst its old friends will realize that, as during the lifetime of two generations, (since 1819), it continues to be the sincere and unpurchasable advocate and representative of the farmers' interest and rights.

Special devotion is paid to *Fertilizers*, including those of commerce and of the farm; to *Live Stock*, the *Dairy*, *Market Gardening*, *Fruit-Growing*, the *Poultry Yard*, &c.

Reports of Advanced Farmers' Clubs are a regular feature in each issue.

The Home Department is always attractive to the ladies of the country household Flower and Ornamental Gardening; the care of Window and House Plants, receive regular attention from cultivators admitted to be at the head of their profession in the United States.

THE AMERICAN FARMER is published twice every month, (on the 1st and 15th). It is beautifully printed on fine white paper in clear type. $1 50 a year. To clubs of five or over, $1 00 each.

Handsome, Valuable and Useful Premiums

are given to all those who will take time and trouble to collect subscriptions.

SAML SANDS & SON, Publishers,
128 Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

The PRESS and the *American Farmer* will be clubbed together and sent to any address for $2 50 for one year.

DR. J. C. ECTOR,

HAVING removed to Liberty Street, in Winston, offers his professional services to the citizens of Winston, Salem and surrounding country. With a practice of twenty-five years he hopes to have a liberal patronage.

OFFICE second house North of First National Bank.

Jan. 2, 1883.

STAFFORD MILL.

Having repaired the Stafford Mills and secured the services of one of the best Millers in the country, I am now prepared to do as

GOOD WORK

as this mill ever did, and respectfully solicit the patronage of the surrounding country.

W. B. STAFFORD.

Forsyth Co., Jan. 29th 1883.

HORSE DOCTOR.—A treatise on the horse and his diseases, for sale at the SALEM BOOK STORE. Price 25 cents.

IMMENSE
NURSERY STOCK.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Apple, Peach, Pear and Cherry Trees, Grape Vines and Strawberry Plants etc,

ever grown at the

CEDAR COVE NURSERIES.

is now offered for spring planting to the fruit planting public.

All the new as well as the old leading sorts of all kinds of hardy fruits are grown there.

Orders early.

Send name and address for new catalogue with prices.

Address,
N. W. CRAFT,
Shore, Yadkin County, N. C.

May 25, 1882.–21–9 mo.

5 CENTS. MUSIC 5 CENTS.

Just received at the

SALEM BOOKSTORE.

a choice lot of

SHEET MUSIC

at the low price of

5 Cents a Copy.

The following is a partial list:

Kathleen Mavourneen.
Cradle Song. - - - *Mendelssohn.*
I Love my Love, - - - *Pinsuti.*
Then You'll Remember Me, *Balfe.*
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, - - - - *Knight.*
Tapping at the Garden Gate.
Robin Adair.
Watchman tell us of the Night, *Gounod.*
Nearer my God to Thee, - *Barton.*
Old Oaken Bucket.
Il Trovatore.
Maiden's Prayer, and others.

ETHIOPIAN SONGS.

Put on the Golden Crown.
Old Nicker Demus.
Baby Joe, and others.

This music is full size and in clear and neat impressions, fully as good as the higher priced sheets.

NOTICE.

HAVING this day qualified as administrator on the estate of Henry Perrel, deceased, all persons indebted to the estate are requested to make payment at once, and all persons having claims against said estate, are hereby notified to present them, proven according to law, within twelve months from this date, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.

HENRY A. LINEBACK,
Administrator.

March 2nd, 1883.–10.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

THE BEST FERTILIZERS MADE
SOLD FOR THE LEAST MONEY.

SPRING OF 1883.

FERTILIZING MATERIALS BEING LOWER WE HAVE REDUCED OUR PRICES $5.00 PER TON.

STAR BRAND SPECIAL TOBACCO MANURE

IS ONLY $4.50 PER BAG CASH, AND $5.00 PER BAG ON TIME.

STAR BRAND COMPLETE MANURE

FOR COTTON, CORN, OATS AND WHEAT, $3.75 PER BAG CASH, $4.25 PER BAG ON TIME.

STAR BRAND ACID PHOSPHATE

FOR COMPOSTING, $2.75 PER BAG CASH.

LAND PLASTER,

$2.75 PER BAG CASH.

All of our Fertilizers are put up 200 pounds in bag AND ARE GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY

To be equal to, or of a higher grade

THAN ANY EVER SOLD BEFORE.

We have sold thousands of tons of the STAR BRAND fertilizers here during the past seven years, and we refer to all who have used them, also to the farmers throughout this State and Virginia, in every section of which our fertilizers are used extensively. We also refer to the

Reports of the Agricultural Department and State Chemist of North Carolina.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO USE THE
STAR BRAND FERTILIZERS.

STOCK ALL FRESH AND IN GOOD NEW SACKS.

☞ COME AND SEE US. ☜

Hinshaw & Bynum.

WINSTON, N. C., APRIL 5, 1883.

JANUARY 1883.

HINSHAW & BYNUM,

Fourth Street, Winston, N. C.

TO THE READERS OF THE PRESS.

With fresh hope and courage we enter upon the duties of the NEW YEAR, and while we have abundant cause to thank you sincerely for the liberal patronage you have bestowed on us in the past, yet we promise to renew and increase our efforts to make it more to your interest to patronize us than ever before. Notwithstanding we have the largest and best arranged Stores, the largest and most varied stock and do the largest business done in this section of the State WE ARE NOT CONTENT, the more goods we can sell the better able we are to buy in large quantities, and the larger the quantities bought the lower the prices are. It costs us a less per cent. to sell goods each succeeding year. These being facts that cannot be controverted it stands to reason that we can make a living profit, (this is all we ask) and sell better goods at lower prices than they can be bought elsewhere.

We continue to exhibit the largest and most complete Stock of Goods ever brought to Western North Carolina.

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN,

We have an elegant assortment of the latest styles of

Dress Goods, Dress Trimmings, Flannels, Linseys,

HOSIERY, MERINO UNDERWEAR, SKIRTS, SHAWLS AND CLOAKS.

FOR MEN, BOYS AND YOUTHS WE HAVE

Jeans, Kerseys, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Broadcloth, Linings and Trimmings, Ready-Made Clothing, Hats and Caps of every Description and make, (including Stetson's Celebrated HATS,) Shirts and Drawers, Collars, and Cuffs, Merino Suits, &c., &c.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR THE BAY STATE

BOOTS AND SHOES,

T. Miles' & Sons', Philadelphia Hand-Made

FINE SHOES FOR LADIES,

JAS. A. LEACH & CO'S THOMASVILLE SHOES,

J. & P. COATS' SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON,

F. & H. FRIES' JEANS,

COTTON YARNS AND SHEETINGS,

AND L. B. & L. S. HOLTS' BELLMONT PLAIDS,

ALL OF WHICH WE SELL AT FACTORY PRICES.

——WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR——

HEAVY GROCERIES, DRUGS,
HARDWARE, HOLLOWWARE,
WOOD AND WILLOWWARE,

SOLE LEATHER, SALT, OILS AND PAINTS,

In fact all else usually kept in a first-class Wholesale and Retail Establishment.

We have effected an arrangement which enables us to sell the best inspected meat at lower prices than the same grade of meat can be sold in this market by any other house. To country merchants we say we can, will and do meet all legitimate competition from every source and will do as good part by you as any house can do.

To Tobacco Growers!

The new additions to the factories, the immense sales, and the universal popularity have enabled the Manufacturers to maintain and absolutely guarantee the high standard of the

Star Brand Special Tobacco Manure,

And make a reduction of $5.00 per ton in price. Never before has the same grade of fertilizer been sold for $45.00 per ton cash and $50.00 on time. The

STAR BRAND COMPLETE MANURE

For WHEAT, OATS, CORN AND COTTON will be sold at $40.00 per ton cash and $45.00 per ton on time. You cannot afford to plant a crop of Tobacco without using the "STAR BRAND SPECIAL TOBACCO MANURE." We invite all to come and see us.

Respectfully,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC.

A combination of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in a palatable form. For Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Powers it is indispensable.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD

REV. A. I. HOBBS Writes:—After a thorough trial of the IRON TONIC, I take pleasure in stating that I have been greatly benefited by its use. Ministers and Public Speakers will find it of the greatest value where a Tonic is necessary. I recommend it as a reliable remedial agent, possessing undoubted nutritive and restorative properties. *Louisville, Ky., Oct. 1, 1882.*

REV. J. L. TOWNER, Industry, Ill., says:—"I consider it a most excellent remedy for the debilitated vital forces.

PREPARED BY THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., 213 N. MAIN ST., ST. LOUIS.

THE MORTGAGE.

We worked through spring and winter,
through summer and through fall,
But the mortgage worked the hardest and
the steadiest of all:
It worked on nights and Sundays; it worked
each holiday;
It settled down among us, and it never went
away.
Whatever we kept from it seemed a'most as
bad as theft;
It watched us every minute, and it ruled us
right and left.
The rust and blight were with us sometimes,
and sometimes not;
The dark-browed scowling mortgage was
forever on the spot.
The weevil and the cut-worm, they went as
well as came;
The mortgage stayed forever, eating hearty
all the same.
It nailed up every window, stood guard at
every door,
And happiness and sunshine made their
home with us no more,
Till with failing crops and sickness we got
stalled upon the grade,
And there came a dark day on us when the
interest wasn't paid;
And there come a sharp foreclosure and I
kind o' lost my hold,
And grew weary and discouraged, and the
farm was cheaply sold.
The children left and scattered, when they
hardly yet were grown;
My wife she pined an' perished, an' I found
myself alone.
What she died of was "a mystery," an' the
doctors never knew;
But I knew she died of mortgage—just as
well as I wanted to.
If to trace a hidden sorrow were within the
doctor's art,
They'd ha' found a mortgage lying on that
woman's broken heart.
Worm or beetle, drought or tempest, on a
farmer's land may fall,
But for first-class rumination, trust a mort-
gage 'gainst them all.

—*Will M. Carlton.*

A PAINTER.

"Oh, dear! it is too pleasant to stay in the house to day!" said Kitty Ford. "Aunt Jean, couldn't I go herrying up in the pasture lot?"

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Jean. "With the back bedroom to be white-washed, and the churning to be done, and the quilt to be got ready for the frames? I'm surprised at you, Catherine!"

Kitty looked with longing eyes at the creeping tides of sunshine on the hill, the great shadows that the apple tree boughs made, swaying, on the grass.

There was a catbird singing in the maples. Kitty wished that—just for awhile—she could be that catbird, and dwell in a glorified region of green leaves, where churning, whitewash pails and quilting bees were unknown.

She knew that even the scarlet poppies were nodding along the stone walls like tiny soldiers, the wild roses opening in solitary nooks, the strawberries ripening in fragrant wood openings on the hill.

As these tempting thoughts passed across her mind she heard Aunt Jean's shrill voice at the back door talking to some one.

"A painter, eh?" said she. "Oh, yes, you're welcome to a drink of water. You can draw it, fresh and cool, for yourself. The well's out under the big butternut tree. A painter, did you say? P'raps you can whitewash, too?"

"Certainly, ma'am!" said a deep, pleasant voice.

Kitty leaned forward to get a peep at the possessor of that clear, soft tenor.

He was a young man, with a sort of pack strapped on his back, and something that resembled a magnified umbrella in his hand.

"Oh," said Kitty to herself, "a peddler! Aunt Jean is getting harder and harder of hearing every day!"

"Well," said Aunt Jean, "I do b'lieve Providence has sent you! I'd engaged Perkins Polk to whitewash the back bedroom to-day, but he hasn't come near me. And here it is 9 o'clock! I don't b'lieve he means to come to-day. Perkins has took to drink dreadful of late—poor creeter! P'raps, sir, you could whitewash the back bedroom? I'd be willin' to give you your dinner and a quarter of a dollar for the job! And I can't say more liberal than that?"

Aunt Jean was awaiting the decision of the young man, with one hand back of her ear, when Kitty walked in, her bright eyes sparkling with mirth, her cheeks rosy, and her lips pursed up in the desperate attempt not to smile.

"You'll please excuse Aunt Jean, my good man," said she. "We don't want anything to-day. There was a peddler along on Saturday and we bought all that we required."

The young man—Horton Leigh was the name stamped in gilt letters on the inside of his color-box—looked from grim Aunt Jean to pretty Kitty and made up his mind at once.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I am not a peddler. And if you will allow me I shall be very glad to undertake the job."

"The sooner the better," said Aunt Jean, briskly. "I s'pose you ain't got your overalls with you. That don't make no difference. There's a pair up stairs as belonged to Hiram Harkness, who worked for us one spell, and a jumper jacket as Billy Barlow wore, who ran away and joined the gypsies, six months ago. Kitty, run upstairs and fetch 'em. And the young man can go into the barn and put 'em on. Well, I do call this a streak o' luck!"

And in less than five minutes the "young man" was mounted on a ladder brandishing a good-sized whitewash brush, Kitty Ford was churning, and Aunt Jean was tacking the quilt on the frames in the best room.

"There's nothin' like gettin' a good, early start on Monday morning," said Aunt Jean.

At 12 o'clock the back bedroom was whiter and sweeter than any lily, the butter had "come," the quilt was satisfactorily arranged, and the whole family sat down to a savory meal of fried chicken, white bread, milk and strawberry shortcake.

"You seem to be a very respectable young man," said Aunt Jean, critically surveying the stranger. "If you'd like to stay here and do chores for your board you might sleep in the barn-chamber, and I could recommend you to do whitewashing jobs for the neighbors. Deacon Dowd's house needs a new coat o' paint badly, and I'm 'most sure that Widow Elnathan Trueby would like her barn painted to match the new house."

"I am greatly obliged to you," said the young man, toying with a particularly large berry, "but I do not execute orders in that branch. I am an artist."

"A—which?" said Aunt Jean.

"An artist. Shall I show you some of my sketches?"

Aunt Jean put on her spectacles at once.

"Well, I don't object to look at 'em," said she. "But I won't promise to buy. We got a very pretty chromo with the last pound o' tea we bought, and Kitty cuts pictures out of the illustrated papers and pastes 'em on to stone-jars!"

Mr. Leigh laughed.

"Oh, I don't expect to make a sale!" said he. "All these are merely first ideas, jotted down in the crudest of fashions. To speak truth, my real object in calling here this morning was to ask permission to sketch those picturesque ruins down by the old road."

"Oh!" said Aunt Jean; "the old smithy. Dear, dear! there ain't nothin' but a tumble-down stun-wall and a few mullein-stalks left there. If you could wait till next spring, Elihu Lewis means to put up a first-class blacksmith's shop. But you're welcome to do all the sketchin' you want!"

Kitty's eyes sparkled.

"I wish I was an artist," said she, as she turned over the bits of millboard, all of which were instinct with life and beauty.

"Well," said Aunt Jean, complacently, "why shouldn't you be? I dare say this young man can show you how he does it."

Kitty looked at the young man, the young man looked at Kitty, and then both burst into a hearty peal of laughter, to Aunt Jean's great mystification.

"Oh, aunty," said Kitty, still choking behind her pocket-handkerchief, "that isn't the way that artists are made!"

Half an hour later Kitty Lord was out on the green feeling her little downy ducklings with scalded meal, when Judge Laughington's carriage drove up.

Kitty let the tin pan fall in her dismay. To her, Miss Laughington, in her summer silks and diamonds, long white plumes and eight-button kid gloves, represented all that was elegant and adorable.

How she regretted that she still wore her old blue gingham gown, and that her curls were all tangled by the sweet, soft wind!

"Don't run away, Kitty, dear," said Miss Laughington, beckoning with her ivory-handled parasol. "You are the very girl that I want to see. My cousin, Mr. Leigh, is coming down this way, to-day, to sketch. I have told him about those pretty, old ruins of the blacksmith's shop; so, if he comes past here—"

"Oh, Miss Laughington," cried Kitty, turning as scarlet as the big bunch of peonies at the corner of the house, "he has come already! And Aunt Jean set him to whitewashing and paid him a quarter of a dollar and his dinner. Oh, how could we have made such a blunder?"

Miss Laughington laughed.

"Blunder, child!" said she. "Where's the blunder? If Horton wants to do a thing, he'll do it. If not, the whole world couldn't compel him."

And after the glistening carriage had rolled away Kitty Ford sat down and cried.

Judge Laughington's daughter drove on to the ruined smithy, where Mr. Leigh was composedly "putting in" the lights and shadows of the old chimney and the mullein stalks.

But she went back to the stately "Court" with a bent brow and an ill-pleased expression of face.

"Horton is so awfully eccentric!" said she. "There's no knowing what ridiculous whim he will take up next."

For Mr. Leigh had declined to accept the hospitalities of the Court.

"You always have such loads of company there, Antonia," said he, "and I prefer quiet. No—I'll come up to see you when the spirit moves me; but I'll pitch my tents in this secluded dale. It will be better for real, steady work."

For Kitty Ford's deep, liquid eyes still haunted his brain.

"The prettiest girl I ever saw!" he kept repeating to himself. "A pure spirit, dwelling in a lily-like temple! I must see more of her; I must sketch her as 'Una.'"

So he went back that night, just as the dew was falling and the whip-poor-wills beginning to sing, and asked Aunt Jean if he could occupy the little room over the kitchen where the brick chimney perked itself out, and the one little window looked directly into the boughs of the old pear tree.

"Oh, I don't care," said good Aunt Jean. "It's Kitty that does the housework. She must decide."

"We are plain people," said Kitty, involuntarily blushing; "but—"

"Then I may come," said Horton Leigh.

People were very much surprised when Horton Leigh brought a blue-eyed country maiden to preside over his city mansion the next fall.

But Kitty Ford, secure in her innocent happiness, never knew how many tears Anton a Laughington had shed over her cousin's wedding card. And Aunt Jean makes her boast that Kitty has "store-carpets" in every one of her rooms and a carriage of her own.

"He's a painter," said Aunt Jean to her friends. "Not a house-painter, but a picture-painter. And he knows how to whitewash a ceiling equal to Perkins Polk. I guess there ain't no fear but that he'll make his way in the world. Anyhow, Kitty likes him, and that's enough."—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

A Musical Bed.

The latest freak of a foreign visitor to Paris, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, is, without doubt, the order for a musical bed. Such an article of domestic comfort was thought to be a myth, but an Indian raja's has just ordered one from the celebrated firm of Christopher Brothers. The bed is made of mahogany, embossed with silver plates, artistically carved to represent Venus and Cupid. The ornamentation is principally in the Indian style, but the carved roses and intwined flowers are planned on the delicate French style that is so attractive. The value of the material alone that has been used in the construction of this novel piece of furniture is 18,000 francs and before it is completed it will be worth 60,000 francs.

The mattress is covered with light-blue damask satin, and embroidered with gold filagree silk. The act of reclining upon this beautiful work starts the musical box, which plays selections from Gounod, "The Funeral March of a Marionette" being the most attractive.

The greatest piece of mechanism yet remains to be told. The spring that sets the musical box in motion connects also with each corner of the bedstead, where four figures of women stand, carved life-size and painted to represent living creatures. On being started they gently wave the plumed fans that are placed in their hands and move their eyes so naturally that a casual observer might mistake them for animated beings.

This is somewhat a strange bed, even for an Indian prince, but as the world grows to appreciate the sight of wealth more and more in everyday life, it is to be presumed that many innovations of this nature will find their way into the mansions of the wealthy.

WELLS OF NATURE'S GAS.

AND HOW THEY ARE DEVELOPING A NEW INDUSTRY.

Manufacture of Lampblack—Interesting Process of Producing and Collecting the Soot—Light and Fuel from the Pipes.

A Pittsburg (Penn.) letter to the New York *Herald* says: The natural gas wells in Western Pennsylvania are developing an industry which will some day be of vast importance to this country. It is the manufacture of lampblack. To a large number of people the existence of this industry in the United States is comparatively unknown. The fact that hundreds of thousands of dollars in profits are realized annually in Pennsylvania by simply gathering the soot which is condensed from the flames and smoke at these wells is something that very few persons have ever thought about. For years past the business has been rather obscure, but of late it has been growing in size and importance, and no little public attention has been attracted by it. New gas wells are being bought or leased in this region by Eastern capitalists for the purpose of extending the industry and utilizing the gas, which otherwise would only go to waste. The quality of carbon black that is made from natural gas has been found to be so much superior to that manufactured by other methods that it is in demand everywhere, and it is a significant fact that nearly the entire product in this State goes direct to Germany and other foreign countries. This finer grade of the article is a pigment of great value in the arts and is expensive, bringing the highest prices.

The process by which lampblack is made would at first thought appear very simple to the casual reader, but its details are novel and interesting. A carbon-black factory at the side of a roaring gas well is a wonderful place. There is one at Saxon station in Butler county, about thirty-eight miles from Pittsburg, which is the most extensive in this country. The modus operandi of the manufacture of lampblack, in brief, is the burning of gas against sheetiron plates. In this factory at Saxon 20,000 gas jets are burning day and night. The building is about 175 feet square. From the gas well, a few yards distant, a four-inch pipe extends to the factory. At the main entrance it branches off in two directions, and from these two distributing mains eight long pipes, running the entire length of the building, draw their supply. Along each of these pipes are small jets, thin and very close together. As stated above, they number fully twenty thousand. Over each "bench" on which the long pipe rests are continuous plates of sheet iron, and it is against these that the tiny flames from the myriad of jets burn. The windows and doors are always kept tightly closed with close-fitting shutters, so as to prevent the admission of too much air. The temperature of the interior must be sufficiently regulated to avoid perfect combustion, and thus save the carbon. Little by little the lampblack forms on the sheet iron until a small mass not larger than a cherry, perhaps, hangs over each jet. At regular intervals of twenty minutes a small iron "carriage," or a sort of scraper is run along each of the rows of iron, and the matter thus collected is emptied into a receptacle in another department. Frequently water is run over the top of the iron to keep it cool. The heat of the place is intense and cannot be endured long.

When this finely divided carbon is removed from the sheet iron it is ready for packing. This is the most difficult part of the work. Being such an extremely light substance it would require but a very small quantity to fill a barrel if it were thrown in loosely. Ingenious machinery has been invented, however, to obviate this difficulty in a measure. As it is dropped in by the painful heavy rollers and stampers, run by a steam engine, pressed down as tight as possible, but notwithstanding all this labor only fifty pounds of lampblack can be put in an ordinary sized barrel. The capacity of the factory at Saxon is 250 pounds per day, or only five barrels. It is stated that all the lampblack manufactured there goes direct to Germany. There it is used for various purposes. It forms the principal part of coloring matter for paints. Printing inks and marking inks are also made from it, and it is becoming a desirable article for the polish and preparation of shoe leather.

The gas well at Saxon station is in itself a wonderful curiosity. It has now been burning for nearly twelve years. Originally the well was sunk in search of oil, but a gas vein was encountered instead. It is 1,850 feet deep and the casing is six inches in diameter, and, accordingly, that is the thickness of the volume of gas which comes hissing out of the interior of the earth. The well does not supply the lampblack factory alone, but furnishes light and heat for half of the little village. In a number of dwellings wood and coal are unknown, and they have not been under the necessity of building a fire for years. Pipes from the gas well run into their houses. The same pipe that supplies the chandelier overhead passes down under the open grate, and from it four jets enter between the bars. These are constantly burning and the grate is filled with brick-bats, through which the flames burn. The pieces of brick retain the heat as well as distribute the flame. If it is very cold weather a slight turn of a tiny valve will send the flames roaring up the chimney, giving every appearance of a cheerful bituminous coal fire, except that there is no black-looking coal lumps or heaps of ashes under the grate. If the weather is mild a turn of the valve in the opposite direction will reduce the fire to any degree of temperature that may be required. In their cooking stoves it is done in precisely the same manner. The stove is kept filled with brickbats, and the flames are thereby distributed evenly and the heat retained in an even manner. The housewife can regulate the heat to suit her cooking by a little screw at the corner of the stove.

"Captain John's" Way.

"Captain John," of the Bodie (Nev.) Pilules, has hit upon a happy way of curing the Indians of his tribe of getting drunk. The *Free Press* says that he keeps a long rope in his private office, and when the drunk reels to the wickiup he is captured. John calls on two of his lieutenants and they march the prisoner to a deserted shaft forty feet deep and lower him to the boom. He is kept there forty-eight hours. During the Indian's imprisonment he is fed on bread and water. Captain John says that this system of treatment will be thoroughly tested, and if it fails to have the desired effect some other plan will be devised for destroying the taste for Bodie whisky.

Chicago has had sixty-nine undoubted murders since the beginning of the year 1881, and of all the murderers only one has been hanged.

His Honor and Bijah.

The clocks had just struck midnight when the residents of two or three squares on Antoine street heard a wild voice singing:

"Will I be missed when I am gone?
Will tears be shed for me?
When I go hence will grave suspense
Be felt on land and sea?"

One citizen raised his window and advised the singer to take in his voice before a club hit it. Another snapped a revolver at him. A third said he would come down and make him sing a different tune, and those who didn't get out of bed were too mad to go to sleep for the next hour. And the singer leaned against a hydrant and continued:

"My love, she lives in Savannah,
And she wipes her nose on a bandana,
And she calls me her Joe,
Because, don't you know,
I call her my ducky dear Hannah."

This was too much. Three different citizens issued from their doors to pulverize the midnight intruder, but just then a policeman awoke from his beautiful dreams and turned the corner and said:

"Stop that or down you go!"
"Is singing against the law?"
"It is."
"I don't believe it! I will now give you a gem from my repertoire:

"Oh! many a time I feel so sad,
And I—"

"Shut up!"
"I won't!"
"Then come along!"

There was a struggle, but the law triumphed and the singer was led away and locked up. He was a forlorn sight as he appeared before his honor with his coat split up the back.

"Is this Thomas Saunders?" asked the court.

"Yes, sir; this is all that's left of the gentleman by that name."

"And you disturbed the peace?"

"Well, sir, I felt moody and low-spirited, and I arose from my bed and walked and sang. Longfellow used to do the same thing."

"Yes, but midnight is no time to go 'round screaming at the top of your voice."

"Screaming? Sir, I sing instead of scream. Let me give you a few notes in my best tenor."

"Don't do it! The case is bad enough already."

"But I will sing!"

"If you do I'll send you up!"

"I'll sing if you send me up for life. Everybody keep still now while I get the pitch! Here I go:

"Oh! where are the days of my childhood?
Oh! where are the friends of my youth?
Oh! where are the paths in the wild wood?
Oh! where—"

Bijah pressed down on him at this moment, and the song was bitten short off.

"I'll make it thirty days," observed the court.

"Let me sing another verse and you can make it sixty," replied the prisoner.

"No, sir."

"Well, I'll sing all the way up to the workhouse, and all the time I'm there, and when I get out I'll come around to your house some night about midnight and sing for a full hour."

"If you do I'll set seven dogs on you and run you into the river. Call the next case."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Battle Between Elephants.

In New York one morning the elephant Pilot, belonging to Barnum's circus, became a trifle nervous while taking his usual "eye-opener," consisting of twenty-seven gallons of water. In the heat of the moment he raised his right hind leg in haste, and with an accuracy of aim that ought to win for him a Creedmoor medal, he closed the eye of a fellow-elephant who was standing a few yards distant. This unpleasant morning greeting roused the ire of the second elephant, who retaliated with a blow from his trunk that nearly loosened Pilot's back teeth. Both elephants then closed in on each other and threatened to use each other completely up. Newman, their keeper, heard the high words passing between the two pachyderms, and hastened to the scene of battle. By the time he reached them several large beams supporting the roof had been converted into toothpicks, and the air was full of water-pails, hay and elephants' legs. The two elephants and Mr. Newman fought until the keeper was about to congratulate himself on coming out ahead, when he was suddenly lifted off his feet by Pilot's large trunk and carlessly deposited in one corner somewhat deranged as to his clothes and minus two teeth.

In the meantime more beams were tumbled down, and the remaining elephants seemed anxious to participate if there was going to be any fun. Newman gathered together what was left of himself and attacked Pilot with more strength but with less teeth, until at length the enraged beast was driven to his stall and chained down fore and aft. During the rest of the day he rocked in his stall like a side-wheel steamboat, and made more noise than an orphan asylum. Prior to his engaging in the steamboat act he knocked a chimney that stood harmlessly back of him and scattered the bricks and mortar around in a familiar and unpleasant manner. The chimney is unfit for further use.

Later in the afternoon an employe of the circus passed by the elephant, wearing a derby hat. This was too much for Pilot. He raised his trunk and with a graceful sweep that the man will never forget, took the hat from his head, rolled it up in his trunk, making a crushed hat of it in a moment, and then, taking out of his mouth what remained of the derby, hurled it down on the floor with a slam and a bang that raised another hump on the camel's back and disarranged all the stripes on the zebra's back.

Quiet was restored about nightfall, and Pilot having been still more securely anchored with chains, rings and shackles, went to sleep.

On the following day an attempt was made to subjugate Pilot. Two other elephants, at the command of their keeper, pressed the mutineer so close on either side that he could not move. Ropes were next attached to his legs. Forty men tugged on each rope, in turn, until they had him stretched out, with his stomach almost touching the ground. He was then thrashed for hours with hoop poles, but as his fury only increased, it was thought best to kill the huge beast. Two bullets were fired into his heart and a third into his brain. The carcass was then cut up and carted away for burial. Pilot was valued at $10,000.

Without Pain.

"I thought," remarked the victim after the dentist had dragged him around the room several times, "I thought you advertised to extract teeth without pain?"

"So I do, sir," replied the operator, blandly. "It doesn't hurt me a bit to yank 'em!"

Mr. and Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, gathering up her skirts and making for the door; "now, my dear, we are all ready, aren't we? You take those pots of plants and I'll carry the cut flowers."

"How'm I going to take thirteen pots of plants in two hands?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, surveying his job, with dissatisfaction in his eye. "What is there about me that seems to give you the impression that I am a freight train? What d'ye call these things, anyway? What's the ghost standing up here with a candle in his hand. How'm I going to carry these things? That's what I want to know!"

"That's a calla-lily, dear," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, laying down her flowers and turning to help her husband. "Now, you can take these pots in your arms by letting the edge of one pot rest on the edge of another. Let me show you," and Mrs. Spoopendyke arranged the pots, neatly folded in clean white paper, in her husband's arms. "That's the way to carry them," she chirped, opening the door for him. "Now you are all right!"

"Expect me to put on my hat with my leg, don't you?" inquired Mr. Spoopendyke, trying to reach around so that he might see out from his burden. "P'raps you think I don't need any decoration while I'm carrying these dodgasted shrubs! Maybe you think I'd present a more tropical appearance without any hat!"

"I'll put on your hat, dear," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke, and she carefully put it on hind side before and flattened it down until the "back breadth," as she called it, rested on his shoulders. "Now you're all right, dear, be careful of the flowers!"

Mr. Spoopendyke followed his wife to the street and gave the burden a sort of hitch to relieve himself.

"Here! Look here!" he cried to his wife, "you didn't load me straight! These things are slipping! Fix 'em, can't ye?"

"We haven't far to go," pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke, who couldn't see that anything was wrong. "Can't you hold them, dear, till we get to church?"

"Oh, I can't hold 'em!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke. "Get out of my eye! Can't ye take this yaller lily out of my eye? Look out for my hat! Don't you see it's slipping off? If you don't make some better arrangement about these things the neighbors will be startled presently by the sound of cracking crockery!"

"I hope you won't break any of them," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke. Then she pulled his hat over his eyes and took him by the elbow to lead him along.

"Look out!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, as he felt a pot going. "Here's a decoration in danger! Catch it, quick!"

But Mrs. Spoopendyke was too late. The pot dropped with a crash on Mr. Spoopendyke's instep and rolled into the gutter.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"There you are!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, hopping with pain and dropping another pot. "Satisfied now? Know any one you want to back me against for a garden of Eden? Got any more horticultural societies you want knocked out? Here goes another!" and the third of the series smashed on the sidewalk. "'A charge I have to keep,'" and down came the largest pot of the lot with a prodigious noise.

"Don't!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke, watching the fate of her decorations with dismay.

"I ain't!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, letting go two more in the effort to keep his hat on. "Who is? Get hold of that off representative of the day we celebrate," and Mr. Spoopendyke clutched wildly at a sliding pot, not that he cared for the flower particularly, but he had felt four drop on his foot and he felt some fears. "Dodgast the pot," he squawked, as it eluded him and landed on his best corn.

"I think you're real mean!" sobbed Mrs. Spoopendyke, surveying the wreck with streaming eyes.

"You do, do you?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, who felt as badly as his wife did now that it was all over. "P'raps you had some kind of a notion that those pots would fall when I let go of 'em! Why didn't you put 'em in a bag so a man could carry 'em without spilling 'em? What do you want of decorations, anyway?"

"Because I wanted to help make the church look pretty," and with this explanation Mrs. Spoopendyke broke down completely and wept bitterly.

"Well, haven't you decorated as much as any woman? What'd you expect? Think people are going to take you for a cathedral just because you take a few shrubs to church once a year? Now you go in the house and don't let me hear any more whimpering. With your notions about duty and your desire to get the best of the other women in the church, you only want a bell in your mouth and a black collar be a whole guild!"

And with this benediction Mr. Spoopendyke started off to see Speckle-wottle and make some arrangement with him for going fishing as soon as the trout ponds should show signs of breaking up.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

There are in the United States fifty-two theological seminaries, where 2,000 young men are in training for the ministry.

A hotel clerk named Briscoe,
Stumped his foot out in 'Frisco,
It hurt him like thunder,
But the pain was got under,
By St. Jacobs Oil rubbed on histoe.

A conductor who lives at Belair,
Got hurt, being thrown on a chair.
They took him away,
But in less than a day,
St. Jacobs Oil made him all square.

Milk of improved quality has decreased the death rate among children under five years of age in New York from fifty-two to forty-six per 1,000, says the *Medical Record.*

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One greasing lasts two weeks; all others two or three days. Do not be imposed on by the humbug stuffs offered. Ask your dealer for Fraxer's, with label on. Saves your horse labor and you too. It received first medal at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Sold everywhere.

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"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, gophers. 15c.

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As the sable is to ermine: as smut to flour; as coal to alabaster; as soot to driven snow, so is Carboline, the perfection of all Hair Renewers, to all other preparations.

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Heavy stomachs, bilious conditions—Wells' May Apple Pills—antibilious, cathartic. 10 25c

Hood's Sarsaparilla is made of roots, herbs and barks. It gives tone to the stomach; makes the weak strong. Sold by Druggists.

Skinny Men.

Wells' Health Renewer restores health, vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is not extolled as a "cure-all," but admirably fulfils a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific in those chronic weaknesses peculiar to women. Particulars in Dr. Pierce's pamphlet treatise on Diseases Peculiar to Women, 96 pages, sent for three stamps. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE *Railway Age* estimates that 8,000 miles of railroad were built during the first quarter of 1883.

"Accept Our Gratitude."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—Your "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured my boy of a fever sore of two years' standing. Please accept our gratitude. Yours truly,

HENRY WHITING, Boston, Mass.

THE new local government in India is to be administered bit by bit through boards elected by 400,000 villages.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. By druggists.

"HOT soda" has no carbonic acid in it, but is simply hot water drawn under pressure.

We feel justified in saying a word for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sarsaparilla has been known as a remedial agent for centuries, and is recognized by all schools of practice as a valuable blood purifier. It is put up in forms of almost infinite variety but Messrs. Hood & Co. (Lowell, Mass.), who are thoroughly reliable pharmacists, have hit upon a remedy of unusual value. They have vouchers of cures, most extraordinary. Sold by druggists.

IT is said that in London every fourth person receives gratuitous medical attendance.

CORRECT your habits of crooked walking by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

We Present no Pretended Miracle.—"Truth is Mighty and Must Prevail."—No Sophistry can Withstand the Power of its Honest Utterance.

Editor of Evening Press:

DEAR SIR—Feeling deeply grateful for the great benefits which I have received from the use of a very valuable article which has its origin and home in our beautiful city, and hoping that others who are afflicted as I have been may find like relief from its use, I beg the indulgence of a few lines in your valuable paper for the privilege of communicating to you a brief statement of facts, for the benefit of the multitude of sufferers to be met with on every side. Many of my friends well know that I have been very severely afflicted with heart disease for a number of years, and have suffered from it as only those can suffer who have that disease; it reduced my strength so low that I could scarcely walk across my room, and the least exertion rendered me so short-breathed that I dared scarcely move, and life seemed very burdensome. I was treated for my malady by the best physicians, and derived no benefit from their treatment or prescriptions until I was advised by my family physician to use Hunt's Remedy, as my trouble was caused by inaction of my kidneys, which affected very seriously the action of my heart. I commenced taking it (having little faith in it or any other medicine), and it has helped me wonderfully, and I am now a great deal better, and have been ever since I began its use. In fact, I have taken no medicine that has benefited me so greatly. My breathing is easy, and I have gained in strength so much that I am able to do my housework. I cheerfully recommend Hunt's Remedy to all who may be afflicted as I have been, or who are suffering from general debility and nervous prostration.

Respectfully, MRS. A. O. ROCKWELL,
Pearl Street, Providence, R. I.

A standard medicine for curing Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Kidney, Bladder and Glandular Maladies is Hunt's Remedy. Female Weakness, Pain in the Back and Loins, Gravel, Diabetes, Intemperance, Excess, and Prostration of the nervous system are cured by Hunt's Remedy. Hunt's Remedy imparts health and vigor to the constitution when it has become debilitated. Hunt's Remedy restores the invalid to health.

Doing a Great Deal of Good.

Mrs. J. Berry, of Portland, Me., writes: "Your Henry's Carbolic Salve is doing a great deal of good. Some of my friends have been greatly benefited by its use. I think it is the best salve I have ever used." Beware of counterfeits.

Baker's Pain Panacea cures pain in Man and Beast. For use externally and internally.

Dr. Roger's Vegetable Worm Syrup instantly destroys Worms and removes the Secretions which cause them.

Denton's Balsam Cures Colds, Coughs, Rheumatism, Kidney troubles, etc. Can be used externally as a plaster.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
Beef cattle, good to prime	9 @	9¾
Calves, com'n to prime veals	6 @	8
Sheep	5½ @	7¼
Lambs	6½ @	8
Hogs—Live	7½ @	7¾
Dressed, city	10 @	10¼
Flour—Ex. St., good to fancy	4 75 @	6 75
West., good to choice	4 55 @	7 75
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 19 @	1 19½
No. 1 White	1 10 @	1 12
Rye—State	75 @	76½
Barley—Two-rowed State	70 @	77½
Corn—Ungrad. West., mixed	62 @	64½
Yellow Southern	64 @	65
Oats—White State	51 @	55½
Mixed Western	54 @	55
Hay—Med. to ch. Timothy	65 @	85
Straw—No. 1, Rye	55 @	60
Hops—State, Choice	80 @	85
Lard—City Steam	11 25 @	11 60
Butter—State Creamery	31 @	33
Dairy	1- @	23
West. Im. Creamery	14 @	21
Factory	11 @	17
Cheese—State Factory	9 @	13½
Skims	6 @	6½
Western	8 @	11
Eggs—State and Penn	19½ @	20
Potatoes—State bbl	2 37 @	2 50
BUFFALO.		
Steers—Good to Choice	6 35 @	6 10
Lambs—Western	6 00 @	7 50
Sheep—Western	5 25 @	6 40
Hogs—Good to choice Yorks	7 75 @	7 90
Flour—City ground	7 50 @	8 25
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 15 @	1 20
Corn—No. 2, Mixed New	61 @	61½
Oats—No. 2, Mixed Western	40 @	52
Barley—Two-rowed State	80 @	80
BOSTON.		
Beef—Ex. plate and family	11 50 @	16 50
Hogs—Live	7½ @	8
City Dressed	8½ @	8¾
Pork—Ex. Prime, per bbl	16 50 @	17 00
Flour—Spring Wheat patents	7 00 @	7 50
Corn—High Mixed	74 @	75
Oats—Extra White	60 @	60
Rye—State	80 @	85
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET		
Beef—Extra quality	7 12 @	7 75
Sheep—Live weight	4¾ @	5¾
Lambs	5 @	7¼
Hogs—Northern, d. w	9¾ @	9¾
PHILADELPHIA.		
Flour—Penn. ex family, good	5 00 @	5 50
Wheat—No. 2, Red	1 19 @	1 19¾
Rye—State	70 @	76
Corn—State Yellow	62 @	62
Oats—Mixed	59 @	59
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa	33 @	34
Cheese—N. Y. Full Cream	13½ @	14

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HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH **BITTERS**

What the great remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will do must be gathered from what it has done. It has effected radical cures in thousands of cases of dyspepsia, bilious disorders, intermittent fever, nervous affections, general debility, constipation, sick headache, mental despondency, and the peculiar complaints and disabilities to which the feeble are subject. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

To One and All.—Are you suffering from a Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any of the various pulmonary troubles that so often end in Consumption? If so, use "*Wilbor's Pure Cod-Liver Oil and Lime*," a safe and sure remedy. This is no quack preparation, but is prescribed by the medical faculty. Manuf. only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by druggists.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY **FOR PAIN.**

Relieves and cures **RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS,** And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

AT NO OTHER SEASON

At no other season is the system so susceptible to the beneficial effects of medicine. This is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify your blood and fortify your system against the debilitating effects of spring weather. It sharpens the appetite, tones the stomach, invigorates the aged, and imparts new life and energy to all.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a skillfully prepared compound, concentrated extract, by a process peculiarly our own, of the best remedies of the vegetable kingdom known to medical science, as Alteratives, Blood Purifiers, Diuretics, Tonics and Stomachics. It is not a drink, but a concentrated medicine, prepared for the purpose of curing disease, and must be taken according to directions to receive the full benefit it is capable of imparting.

No Other Blood

Purifier is worthy of comparison with Hood's Sarsaparilla. By cures wholly unprecedented in the history of medicine, it has proven its right to the title of "the greatest blood purifier ever discovered." If you are not well try this popular medicine. 100 doses, $1.00.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of dyspepsia, indigestion and debility. I can eat anything without that awful distress, have a tremendous appetite, and cannot praise Hood's Sarsaparilla too highly."—PARK PATTEN, Gardiner, Me.

"When I finished the second bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla I felt like a new person. I tell my friends I can do two days' work in one now."—MRS. A. D. ALLEN, Lowell, Mass.

As a Spring Tonic nothing equals Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Hood's.

To cure biliousness, dyspepsia and sick headache, to create an appetite and tone up the stomach, and to eradicate all obnoxious humors from the blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla is pre-eminently superior to all other medicines. Try this great remedy.

"I suffered from kidney complaint and biliousness 3 years. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me."—JONATHAN J. COBURN, Dracut, Mass.

"I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla one of the best medicines for early spring when the blood is in a low condition and needs cleansing. I have been benefited by its use."—